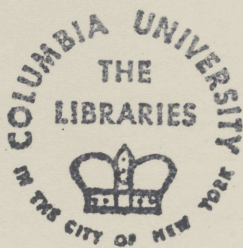




Amazing New York

Mary M. Brown



AMAZING NEW YORK

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By

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PREFACE

As will be obvious to the reader, this book is in no sense meant to be anything more ambitious than a record of first impressions made by New York on the writer, who went over there this year with an open mind, for the express purpose of observing and recording. If, as many maintain, first impressions are the most accurate, then these chapters, so far as they go, are true pictures. Most of the articles, in a less extended form, appeared originally in *The Daily News and Leader*, and my sincere thanks and acknowledgments are due to the Proprietors of that Journal for their kind permission to reprint them.

M. M. B.

LONDON,

September, 1913.

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ON THE WAY OVER

“**A** VISIT to New York,” said Walt Whitman, “is the most effective medicine my soul has yet partaken.” From the tense decisive moment when, under the careful supervision of a Cook’s official, I began answering the formidable list of questions which the United States Government propounds to all proposing to visit America, I tasted the tonic spirit of New York.

Only a nation that is young and ardent and simple and sincere could seriously put such embarrassing questions as : “ Are you a polygamist ? ” “ Are you an anarchist ? ” “ Have you ever been in prison ? ” and expect them to be answered in the affirmative. I laughed aloud with sheer delight as I read them. The Cook’s official thereupon informed me that first-class passengers underwent exactly the same examination. I was travelling second-class.

The spirit of New York also animated the journey from Waterloo to Southampton. Two

New York women and one New York man brought home to me the exhilarating effects of American slang. "Stunt" is more electrifying than "undertaking" or "enterprise." "It's up to us" makes one more alert than "We ought to" or "It is our duty to." "Movies" is more really representative than "picture palaces." "Sure" is more emphatic than "yes," and "right now" has more decision in it than "now" or "just now."

I travelled second-class by a German "ocean greyhound." "Travel second?" some one said to me in horror, "you will be fearfully uncomfortable, and the people will be awful." As a matter of fact neither prophecy was fulfilled. Those who are of luxurious habits ought certainly to travel first-class if they can afford it. The difference between the first and second class on this boat in point of luxury was very striking. While the former had rooms, beautiful, lofty and spacious as a West End hotel, the latter had only a kind of writing-room, into which, though "Damen" was inscribed above the door, men smoking pipes and cigars walked in and out as they pleased. As I spent almost all the time on deck, however, this did not

matter to me in the least. My cabin was quite comfortable and my stewardess most attentive.

My fellow-passengers looked quite as attractive from a social point of view as those in the first-class.

World Types at Table

A famous sociologist said not very long ago that the most interesting types on board a ship are not in the first, but in the second-class and steerage.

The company comprising this particular set of second-class passengers was a mixed one—and I was told it was fairly typical.

Hypersensitive members of the party did not enjoy the proximity of gaunt men with fierce moustaches and women with shawls over their heads. These picturesque people were immigrants who were travelling second-class instead of steerage in order to avoid the rigours of Ellis Island. "I thought of sending a wireless to my daughter and son-in-law to meet me," said an American woman who had just been doing Europe, "with nothing but her wedding ring and her umbrella" (as she put it), "but my son-in-law is rather 'classy,' and would not like to see me crossing the gangway

followed by women with shawls over their heads." And yet America is called democratic !

At my table—(I was No. 11, and the number next to me was 15—13 was omitted altogether as being unlucky)—were the pastor of a Chicago church ; a Kentucky engineer returning from Roumania ; a young man from Cincinnati, who told me he had twice attempted to go round the world, and twice had turned back, when he had got half-way (" A wise man changes his mind, a fool never," he quoted) ; a smart young Englishman who had roughed it considerably in Canadian mines ; a young American violinist returning from Berlin ; and a newly-married Swiss couple. At the far end of the table, somewhat detached from the others, sat two dour, determined-looking Scotsmen, silent as sphinxes amid the babble going on around them.

Dinner Table Talk.

Food was the principal topic of conversation, that and variations on the theme, " There is no place like America." " Go and lunch in the Metropolitan buildings when you get to New York—it is just heaven," said one. " Don't forget to go

to Jack's for Clam Chowder Manhattan soup," said another. "What I liked in London was your big strawberries," said a third. "What I want to get back to America for is the coffee. There is no good coffee in England." And so on. "The best food I ever got on any boat," was the general American verdict on the German cooking.

The menus made one's head whirl. Here is a sample breakfast menu for one morning, which is fairly representative: Milk-rice, quaker-oats, oatmeal gruel, codfish ball with cream sauce, kippered herring, French mutton chops, croquettes of capon, Tripes Lyonnaise,¹ fried Yorkshire ham, fried Wiltshire bacon, boiled and German fried potatoes, Saratoga chips, scrambled eggs with green peas, omelette aux fines herbes, fried eggs with kidneys,² boiled eggs, cold larded fillet of beef, various sausages, Edam cheese, coffee, tea, fresh milk, and fresh fruit!

The Alarm by Night

There were no social amusements saving a concert in the evening. The waiters and stewards were all musicians, and could be transformed into an efficient band at a moment's notice. There was a small library of English, French, and German

1. applied to potato cookery
2. bean, 12 4" 2
3. watering place in New York

books, and every afternoon *The Ocean Gazette*, containing the latest news communicated by wireless, was handed round.

The time passed very quickly. Watching the sea was an inexhaustible pleasure—one moment black as pitch, the next scintillating with a million silver points in the sunlight, again obscured entirely by a thick and ghostly fog, with the fog-horn sounding with as much persistence as a taxi in the thickest traffic of Piccadilly. “You would think,” said some one to me, “that with the whole Atlantic Ocean to play about in, they would have no need to kick up all that row.”

Once, in the middle of the night, the ship stopped suddenly. I heard doors opening, and people rushing up on deck. It was a thrilling moment. In imagination I felt myself engulfed by the waves, sinister and cruel as I had last seen them spitting up a wicked green-flecked foam. But as death was inevitable did the mode of dying much matter? It was a consoling thought in Mid-Ocean. Nothing happened, but if, as Balzac tells us, the dramas of life are not in circumstances, but in the soul, many on board were drowned that night in imagination, and who can say that the imagination

is not sometimes more terrible than reality. I found next morning that many had not gone to bed again at all, so convinced were they that the ship had struck something.

The American Love of Country

The excitement, when land was first sighted, was intense. Never before did I realize the extraordinary love of country possessed by the Americans. The majestic statue of Liberty which guards the entrance of the harbour was hailed with the waving of flags and shouts of joy. And truly New York Harbour all silver and gold in the sunshine is a beautiful picture. On one side "green and pleasant land" on which lordly residences are built, and on the other the irregularly fascinating sky-scrapers of New York, with their myriads of little windows. The water was dotted with ships of all sizes, their brown, rose-coloured and grey sails making charming patches of colour. From the steerage, people with pallid faces were looking with stolid, staring eyes at the radiant land of promise. Was it going to give them some of the happiness which, judging by appearances, life had hitherto so vigorously

denied them? Had it beckoned them from their native lands to some purpose? The statue of Liberty smiled, but her smile was subtle.

My meditations were interrupted by the arrival on board of the Customs official and the doctor. The latter, an extraordinarily tall man, merely asked me if I was going to New York, and allowed me to pass on. But he looked at the eyes of many of the others, and detained them. The Customs official, a dark, determined-looking man, asked me how much money I had, how long I was going to stay in America, and whether any one was coming to meet me. On finding I was not sure on the last point, he told me if no friend claimed me I must not leave the ship unaccompanied, and that he would send a lady member of the Travellers' Aid Society to conduct me to my destination. I had never been so much "mothered" in my life.

The Customs Ordeal

The dreaded ordeal of the examination of trunks, which took place in a huge covered building, with boys passing up and down offering iced lemonade at 5d. a glass, passed off quite pleasantly so far as I was concerned. "The last time I crossed," said

an American girl to me, "the Customs man took every single thing out of all my boxes and even unrolled and shook out each article. I was so annoyed that I said sarcastically, 'You have forgotten my purse-bag.' 'Why, so I have,' he said, and turned that inside out too."

"You must have got hold of an old 'un," said an American man who had crossed as often as Charles Dickens' "man in the waterproof coat." "If you get an old one it is all up with you. Young ones are bad, too—they are ambitious and want to do their work thoroughly. The best of all is a 'betwixt-and-between,' a bachelor for choice." My Customs officer was quite a young man, but he must have been lacking in ambition, for he could not have performed his duty more fastidiously. Not a single thing in my boxes was disarranged and he was exceedingly courteous. New York showed me a friendly face at the outset.

WHEN YOU GET THERE

“IF I had my time to live over again and might choose my sex and birthplace,” said Max O'Rell on one occasion, “I would shout at the top of my voice, ‘Oh, make me an American woman!’” From one standpoint, at any rate—the standpoint of personal comfort—one cannot but agree with him. The *Hotel Martha Washington*, 29, East Twenty-Ninth Street, “the only hotel in the world exclusively for women,” is a striking illustration of the degree to which consideration for the comfort of women is carried in the States.

Not so very long ago a lady of good social position and the highest character was refused admittance at a London hotel because she arrived late at night unaccompanied. The authorities were obviously unable to exercise any discrimination. Such an incident proves conclusively that London urgently needs

an hotel similar to the *Martha Washington* in New York, and the sooner some enterprising business man inaugurates one, the better for all concerned.

A Hospitable Hotel

I arrived at the *Martha Washington* (a huge twelve-storey building with 450 rooms) at about nine o'clock at night. As I had stored my cabin trunk at the docks, I carried no luggage but a suitcase—a circumstance which would at once have aroused apprehensive fears for his bill in the bosom of a London Boniface. Without any questions being asked, I was immediately accommodated with a room, and thereafter was allowed to walk in and out of the hotel just as I pleased. If I had arrived at three o'clock in the morning I should have been received in just the same manner. This spirit of trustfulness I found afterwards to be fairly universal in New York. News-stalls are often left unattended in the street and passers-by put down their pennies and take their papers. No one thinks of taking a paper without paying or of touching the pile of pennies. Quite often I could have left restaurants without paying, if I had felt so disposed, so lax is the watch kept on customers' departures.

The Little Page Girl

A little page girl dressed in black with a big black bow in her hair showed me my room—a charming one, with an ante-room provided with hot and cold water (the hot water is very hot in New York, and the cold water very cold). The bath-room was adjoining. Baths were lavishly provided, and so far as my experience went no extra charge was made. The ice-water tap was hard by. There was ice-water everywhere. Taps and tumblers were provided on every floor. At table, almost before one had time to sit down, ice-water was brought by boys whose sole duty appeared to be to watch one's tumbler and fill it up again whenever one had sipped a mouthful.

It was a pleasure to perambulate the wide and lofty corridors of the *Martha Washington* with its pendant lamps and its velvety crimson carpets. It was a pleasure also to sit in the magnificent hall where women of all ages sat rocking themselves to and fro. A rocking-chair is rather a rarity in England. In New York there is one at least in every bedroom, and dozens in every public room. The women appear to rock themselves all day long.

Emphasised Old Age

America is said to be the country of the young, yet seldom have I seen so many frankly and fearlessly old women as I beheld in New York in a few days. The septuagenarian* who sits with a shawl round her shoulders and the air of a martyr for whom life has ceased to have any significance has practically disappeared from England. She has been replaced by the golfing grandmother, who wears "little girl" frocks, and the sporting spinster who finds life very well worth living. The New York woman wears the crown of age with a certain soured submissiveness. Instead of golfing and walking, she spends her time in fleeing from draughts and germs. I saw one of them apprehensively ring the bell on beholding a harmless-looking white lace handkerchief lying on the floor. "I must get the maid to remove that," she explained; "one cannot be too careful of germs."

The atmosphere was quite different from a woman's establishment in London, and it is difficult to say just wherein the difference consisted. Possibly the striking self-reliance of the American woman provided the greatest contrast. Many Englishwomen in an Adamless Eden look somewhat

bored and depressed, though this type is now becoming old-fashioned. These women did not. Their own society was absolutely sufficient for them.

The Engrossed Guests

“ I never met such freezing women as I met in the hotel I stayed at in London,” said an American woman who travelled with me from Waterloo to Southampton. “ Why, if an Englishwoman had been alone in an American hotel the women would have come right up to her and been real friendly.” At the *Martha Washington* I had an opportunity of putting this statement to the test, but alas ! I was not able to verify it. I sat, a solitary figure, in the big hall, and rocked myself to and fro like the others, but no one spoke to me. Silent and self-reliant, they sat, reading newspapers.

Most of the *Martha Washington* residents are professional and business women occupying good positions—heads of schools, doctors, journalists, heads of departments in business houses, musicians, artists, and so on. The two guineas a week, which is the lowest charge for a bedroom alone (without anything else), makes it prohibitive for all but

those with large incomes. The New York clerk and stenographer are not paid high salaries. Two-and-a-half guineas weekly is considered a fairly reasonable rate of remuneration, which is really very low, considering the high cost of living.

But (as I discovered afterwards) it is possible to get rooms fairly cheap in New York. I looked at several in the very heart of New York on the outskirts of Fifth Avenue, and found it quite easy to get a small bed-sitting-room, furnished with table, rocking-chair, and so on for sixteen shillings a week. This included hot baths as often as one wished, electric light or gas, attendance, and a liberal supply of towels. The New York landlady is more generous in the matter of towels than the London ones. I saw no rooms cheaper than this in the central part. No doubt if I had journeyed to Brooklyn, the principal suburb of New York, which is a by-word for dull stodginess, I should have been able to discover something cheaper. But then I should have had to pay ten cents a day for torture in the tube, so it would be a case of "six of one and half a dozen of the other."

To return to the *Martha Washington*, upstairs on the "parlour floor" girls in evening gowns

were entertaining sharp - featured young men. There was no suggestion of self-consciousness or flirtatiousness or frivolity. A group of elderly women (very much like the women one sees in boarding-houses in London, only the Americans have a "never-say-die" expression which the Londoners lack) were playing cards in a corner, while others were reading and rocking. No one was sewing. Nor were any women smoking. The smoking-room, I was informed, was meant only for men guests. "We have no women smokers around here as they have in England," said one of the officials to me; "at least, none that I know of."

The large restaurant is open to the public, and the prices are rather high. There is also a big tea-room where lighter refreshments can be obtained.

Enquire Within

A "dandy" (one picks up these Americanisms very quickly) feature of the *Martha Washington* is that almost everything a woman needs can be had on the premises. There is a shoe parlour where one can have a "shine" at any hour, and also hire an umbrella and rubbers. There are hairdressing, manicuring, and chiropodists' shops in the rear of

the entrance hall, a bookstall where one can buy books and papers, and also tailors', milliners', and corsetières' departments.

Moreover, it is not necessary to go outside for medical or legal advice, or for the ministrations of a Christian Scientist. A woman doctor, counsellor-at-law, and professional Christian Scientist are all resident, as well as a professional chaperon and stenographer.

Well might Max O'Rell, with his masculine appreciation of luxury, wish to be an American woman. In the matter of attention to physical requirements she is just "It," as the phrase goes. Yet, paradoxical though it may seem, there is little real comfort in the English "home" sense of the word anywhere.

The same facilities are provided at the railway station waiting-rooms—rocking-chairs and writing-tables and telephones and boot-blackening and manicuring. And yet the New York woman never seems to rest. She rocks herself continually, but even her rocking lacks repose.

THE SOUL OF NEW YORK

MY first feeling with regard to New York was that of agreeable surprise. It was totally different to what I had expected. For some reason or other I had anticipated something very ugly and very depressing. I thought the skyscrapers would stifle and overpower me. But their effect was absolutely contrary to this.

If you are feeling more dead than alive go to New York. It will either kill you or cure you. The air is as magical as Margate,¹ and the vibrant, glittering restlessness of the atmosphere has a curiously electrifying effect upon the nerves.

There is stimulus also in the courageous skyscrapers. Some people call them ugly, and so in a sense they are; but it is the fascinating ugliness beloved by Balzac. There is no namby-pamby "prettiness" about them. Seen on one of the wonderful azure nights of New York, outlined

against a sky of matchless beauty, the skyscraper becomes something almost sublime. "Arrogance," said Strindberg, "ha! it is the last trace of man's divine origin." The skyscraper is splendid arrogance solidified in steel and stone. See the recently completed fifty-five storied Woolworth Building rearing its impious head to heaven and one's heart leaps up in "a fearful joy" of wonderment. The impossible suddenly becomes possible. Dreams and doubts fly in the face of such solid certainties. Those who sojourn in the shadow of buildings so stupendous are surely not as other men are.

Great Spaces

No niggling economy of space subdues the spirit in New York. The pavements are wide. So are the tramcars, and the tragedy of trampled toes, so universal in England, is never heard of here. Everywhere there is room to walk, to breathe, to do everything, in fact, but think, for New York kills abstract thought. The public library is a mighty mausoleum in white marble—magnificent, but ghostly. Its spaces are splendid. Its resources are inexhaustible. In the magazine room over 7,000 current periodicals are on file for consultation.

In addition to the ordinary circulating library, it has a library for the Blind, a Children's Library, a Technology Room, a Slavonic Room, a Jewish Room, an Oriental Room, a Science Room, an Economics and Sociology Room, an Art and Architecture Room, an American History Room, a Map Room, a Music Room and a Print Room. And young New York is not slow to take advantage of this wonderful building which is open on Sundays as well as weekdays.

At the Grand Central Terminal Railway Station the new Concourse Hall is a splendid pillared place of dazzling white, so spacious and lofty that the people look like little ants buzzing about. Its wonderful ceiling of exquisite blue, glittering with thousands of stars, accurately represents the heavens.

There are two broad bands of gold for the Ecliptic and Equator, while the signs of the Zodiac are delicately outlined. Famous artists experimented for months before the right shade of blue was achieved for this ceiling. Dr. Jacoby, of Columbia University, and other eminent authorities were consulted for astronomical accuracy, and manuscripts and treatises of the Middle Ages were ransacked for information.

What can one say about the extraordinary illuminations of "the Great White Way"? Only a very stolid person could walk down Broadway by night and remain unmoved by the spasmodic jollity of its myriad lights. Blinking, winking, jumping, leaping, shooting—the fantastic humour of those illuminated advertisements moves one to laughter at the funniness of it all or tears at the folly of it all, according to one's mood. Of course, "the most wonderful advertisement in the world" is here (it would not be New York if it was not). It is a mediaeval chariot outlined in 70,000 many-coloured lights, galloping at full speed, and followed by men on horseback. Not far off is a golden girl with one disappearing green eye. Here a cat is playing with a reel of cotton and making wild leaps at intervals into the air; and there a bottle is frothing and exploding in a blaze of electric light. A sparkling baby is laughing and crying alternately; while a Spanish-looking girl is cutting capers in a circle of light. And all the time the restaurants, theatres, shops, hotels, and moving picture shows are bejewelled with cascades and chains of light in perpetual motion. Certainly, no one would choose Broadway for a rest cure.

A City of Sinister Noise

The noises of New York are not like other noises. They are infinitely more hideous. The motor's hoot is like a groan of despair, and the steamer's whistle like the wailing of a banshee. Overhead, the elevated railway rumbles and tumbles ; underneath the subway jolts and wriggles ; and on the street the trams and automobiles join in the general hullabaloo. Advertisements, incredibly ugly and crudely coloured, positively shout at one from the hoardings. New York is one big orchestra of many noises.

A Hades of Chewing Gum

Of all the methods of transit in New York, I preferred the 'bus and tram, taxis costing a small fortune being outside the pale altogether. The Elevated Railway, though it gives one a feeling of being monarch of all one surveys, and incidental glimpses into the domestic and office life of New York, looks too precariously perched on its high girders to make altogether for a feeling of safety. It is no matter for astonishment that occasionally it topples over. The Underground, on the other hand, is like some unwieldy noisy chariot bearing

lost souls to Hades—souls lost through a fatal passion for chewing gum. I saw more gum chewers in the Underground than anywhere else, and to sit opposite half a dozen of these with no means of escape is an experience one has no wish to repeat. At every station there are automatic machines purveying this Yankee delight.

It is difficult, moreover, to make one's exit gracefully from the Underground. One has literally to take a flying leap over a dark void, so wide is the space that separates the train from the platform. New York bristles with dangers for the London "bumpkin," and yet the favourite expression of tram and train conductors is "step lively."

But the city is not entirely without its sedative side. Its postmen, garbed in Quaker grey, blowing primitive whistles, are quite restful; so also are its policemen, nautical looking in navy blue with gold buttons and peaked caps. They hold their white-gloved hands daintily over the traffic, as if hushing a naughty child. The street-cleaners, like angels without wings, are clad in spotless white from head to foot. The newsboys are noiseless and self-effacing.

It would be difficult to imagine anything more

soporific than a New York municipal street procession. A wagon rumbles past. What seems æons of time elapse, and then another wagon rumbles past. A further lengthy wait is rewarded by the exhilarating spectacle of a long row of gentlemanly civil servants, all walking abreast, all wearing straw hats, and all carrying canes at exactly the same angle. So it goes on, and one gets more and more sorrowful and sleepy.

The crowd watching the procession was surprisingly passive and good-natured. They stood like lambs, and allowed newcomers to step in front of them without a murmur. There were no cries of "Shyme!" as in England under similar conditions. The policemen who controlled the crowd were not quite so gentle. Perhaps they overheard the remarks behind them. "The police refused to walk in the procession because they came after the street-cleaners," said one lady. "Who are the police, anyway?" shouted a mild-looking little man. "I back the street-cleaners any day." Hereupon the policeman waved his baton, and thrust the crowd back roughly. This was the only instance of lack of courtesy on the part of police I witnessed in New York. And surely in this case their good temper was sorely tried.

There are those who say New York has no soul. But to me it had a young aspiring soul, hardly realizing what it wanted, but determined at all costs not to sit in a swamp, not to become dead and petrified. The ambitious and audacious soul of New York is symbolized in its skyscrapers which suggest more head than heart. For there is a certain hardness and cruelty about the New York atmosphere, the hardness and cruelty of the buoyantly young and energetic who have not yet learned the lessons from which sympathy and tolerance spring.

There is no romance or poetry in New York.

One might as well look for roses in the garden of Attalus, save when one looks across the moon-hung harbour in the dusk and gazes skywards in the twilight. The night skies of new York are more wonderful than a poet's dream. But at the coruscations of Broadway the moon and the stars turn pale. New York is a paradise for the practical. It is no place for the idealist or the dreamer of dreams.

THE NEW YORK WOMAN

“**H** EAVEN save the ladies, how they dress,” said Charles Dickens, when he visited New York in 1842. “We have seen more colours in ten minutes than we would have seen anywhere else in as many days.” Not one whit have the New York women changed since these words were penned. Brilliant colours flare at you on Fifth Avenue, and positively blaze at you on the Broadway. The demure, drab-dressed American women, with whom London boarding-houses and hotels are crowded during the summer months, are here nowhere to be seen. “Don’t judge America by what you see in New York,” was the caution given to me by two Americans who crossed by the same boat. “New York is a city by itself, and is in no respect typical of America generally.”

Though the New York women are neat, they are not, generally speaking, remarkable for good taste.

It surprised me to see so many badly fitting coats and so many reach-me-down skirts among the middle classes, while the taste of the wealthier women is often execrable. Freak fashions from which the Frenchwoman would recoil with horror are accepted with complacency by the moneyed matrons of New York. Here and there in the mad medley of colour one sees an example of exquisite taste; and it is these rare exceptions, no doubt, which have given the American woman the reputation she possesses for smartness and chic.

When the New York woman is beautiful she is very beautiful. But is she kind as she is fair? It is doubtful. Her expression is too pre-occupied, her lips too thin and her eyes too hard. One would not readily approach her for consolation or sympathy. There is no poetry or subtlety about her. Nor has she any profundity. She suggests an entire absence of the inner life of spirituality and thought. She has not suffered enough. Often she is smart and can converse glibly on intellectual subjects. But her learning does not permeate her personality. It is something she has acquired from duty and not assimilated from love.

All this is reflected in her voice, the only charm

is slightly

of which is its sincerity. It is a somewhat soulless voice, lacking light and shade and depth. Neither contralto nor soprano, it moves constantly on the middle register of the commonplace. It is like a badly-tuned instrument over which the player has not perfect control. "I love measure in the feet and number in the voice," said Ben Jonson, "they are gentlenesses which often draw no less than the face." But the New York woman has neither measure nor number. She is too concerned with her face and her figure and her outward adorning to care much for the more subtle and less obvious attractions of the mind and the soul.

Nevertheless she has an individual charm—the charm of absolute naturalness and straightforwardness. These qualities, so rare in the women of other countries, are almost universal in America. The New York woman has the courage to be herself. She does not pose or strike picturesque attitudes. The English Society woman is trained from her cradle in the art of pleasing and charming. In the process her individuality is apt to be obliterated. "Ever to say yea," says a German philosopher, "that only hath the ass learned, and those like it." There is too much of the "yea, yea" about the

average English Society woman to make her altogether stimulating. The New York woman has a more sincere and spontaneous personality. For this, one is ready to forgive her much. While the Englishwoman is sometimes like the egg without salt, the New York woman is often like salt without the egg—somewhat too harsh. However with her independence, her naturalness, and her great physical attractiveness, the New York woman would be irresistible if she had more sympathy and more depth.

Furthermore, the complete self-dependence of the New York woman has an attraction which the leaning, clinging woman can never comprehend. Life is full of paradoxes, and it is just because she can live very happily without him that the American man is so devoted to his wife. One could not imagine a New York woman staking her entire happiness on her husband's affection, as so many Englishwomen do. She does not study how to please men; she insists that men shall study how to please her. Because the American woman has learned, in Nietzsche's phrase, how to "conserve herself," the American man kneels at her feet and considers it a privilege to pay her bills.

The Supreme Test

One does not easily associate the word "home" with the New York woman. Yet, in some respects, she is more feminine than the Englishwoman. She does not, for example, smoke so many cigarettes, and she eats more candies. It is probably her restlessness, her noisiness, and the streak of the prosaic in her composition which removes the idea of home far from her. This prosaic materialism—a natural corollary of the atmosphere in which she lives, an atmosphere in which everything is judged by the standard of pounds, shillings and pence—peeps out perpetually. "I made the greatest sacrifice for the cause that any woman could make," said a well-known suffragist, haranguing a crowd on Fifth Avenue. "I gave up a good job and a big salary to take up this work at a much smaller pay." The sacrifice of money is the supreme sacrifice in New York. It is the final test of nobility of character.

The only absolutely poetic expression of femininity I have seen in New York is a certain type of young girl. She is quite lovely. Her eyes are large and full of thought, and her small face—pearly-pale save for the faintest shadow of a flush on her

cheek—tapers to a deeply dimpled chin. Her total unconsciousness of her own charm sets the seal on her attractiveness. Quite a number of such girls can be seen walking in Fifth Avenue or driving in the Central Park.

THE THINKING WOMAN

BUT though the stranger to New York, if he based his judgment solely on the average woman—the typical woman seen on Fifth Avenue in the afternoons or having tea in the fashionable hotels—would carry away the impression that there are no serious, thinking women there, he would be mistaken.

There are many Society and professional women in New York who give freely and generously of their time and money to philanthropic work. But they work quietly and unobtrusively, so one does not realize their presence until one looks for them. Quite a number of them take a course at the New York School of Philanthropy so that they may conduct their charitable enterprises intelligently.

Notable among women's organizations in New York is the Women's Municipal League, which is

doing a unique work in promoting among women an intelligent interest in municipal affairs and in aiding to secure permanent good government for the City of New York without regard to party or sectional lines. In short it is what it describes itself, "a school of citizenship for women."

It keeps alive the spirit of beauty and order in New York by persuading householders to cultivate their back gardens, by awarding medals to the most efficient street cleaners, by endeavouring to improve the primitive pavements of New York and the naming and numbering of streets. It has also secured piers as recreation places for tenement dwellers in the East side, with all kinds of play facilities for children, and cooking and recreation for women. Among the reforms it has effected are the securing of matrons for police stations ; the erecting of thirty free iced-water fountains ; the appointment of a play director for Washington Square Park ; improvements in tenement dwellings, and the administration of a home for deficient and delinquent boys.

"The Big Sisters" is another admirable society, founded by Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, and composed chiefly of Society and professional women. It

exists to help unfortunate children, especially girls without proper guardianship and delinquents from the Children's Court. Each "Big Sister" looks after a "Little Sister," inviting her to her home, getting her to join gymnasium and educational classes, lending her books, taking her to places of entertainment, and generally seeing that she has a chance to grow up an intelligent and self-respecting woman.

Then there is the Women's Exchange in Madison Avenue, founded by women, which helps poor gentlewomen to help themselves in a variety of ingenious ways. One lady, for instance, supports herself by making tarts, and another by making corned beef hash which is served in the Exchange Restaurant. Others are coached by the Exchange in the duties of chaperones, dog-attendants, candy-makers, caretakers, trunk-packers, inventory-makers, shop-openers and so on.

The "Universal Protection Song League" is another society which owes its existence to the enterprise of women. It was founded to protect from the various dangers of a great city musical students who come to New York from all parts, and at the same time educates both singers and the public as regards

1- pie (baked fruits in paste)

the "graft" system which prevails in the song world as it prevails in many other departments of New York life. No money is asked. Its help is given entirely free.

Then in the business world, there are many extraordinarily able women, occupying positions of trust and importance, and these are not women who have been "pushed on" by influence, but those who have achieved success through sheer ability and hard work. For the girl of talent initiative and perseverance, there is room at the top in New York. One young girl of 24 is assistant editor of one of America's leading magazines; another of about the same age is managing a big importing house, but perhaps the most unique example is that of Miss Alice Durkin, New York's only master builder who employs over 700 men and competes with the giants in her own profession for skyscraper contracts. In her few years of independent effort she has erected buildings to the total value of 2,000,000 dollars. She is the first and only woman member of the Building Trades Association in New York.

From Clerk to Contractor

Her career sounds like a romance. The daughter

of a wealthy man who lost his money, she took a post when quite a girl in the office of a leading New York builder. That was 14 years ago. "I took a keen interest in the work," said Miss Durkin, when I saw her at her office, "and I seized every opportunity of talking to carpenters, masons, and plumbers, and learned a lot from them about materials, labour, construction, and other things which have to be considered by the contractor. I attended classes at night, and studied continually, and after I had been in the office a year I asked permission to figure on some alterations in a school contract. Afterwards my employer began to secure contracts on figures I had prepared. Of course it has been hard work and there 'have been many details to overcome, but it has been very enjoyable. A knowledge of mathematics, a clear head, and a great deal of tact are needed in this business.

In Competition with Men

"Are the New York men contractors not jealous of you?"

Miss Durkin laughed. "Not a bit," she replied. "They have been most friendly and kindly to me all the time. In fact, they have been particularly court-

eous to me just because I am a woman competing with them on equal grounds."

Among the contracts which Miss Durkin has handled are Public School No. 40 in the Bronx and Nos. 132 and 138 in Brooklyn. She also built a public school in Jersey City costing a quarter of a million dollars, the Nurses' Home in Brooklyn at a similar cost, and the Convent of Notre Dame on Staten Island. Shortly after she started business for herself she competed against eleven leading contractors for the New York Public Library, in which over 11,000,000 dollars was represented, and she lost only by a hairbreadth. She has also built one or two Broadway skyscrapers.

Philanthropy

Miss Durkin, who is most gentle and unassuming in manner, personally supervises every bid that goes out from the office, and several times a week she visits every job in her sixty horsepower automobile, which she drives herself.

But Miss Durkin's mind is by no means wholly obsessed by business. She loves Nature, and she loves riding in the country. She has also a big philanthropic dream, which she hopes one day to

realize—it is to build and run a hospital for poor women who are widowed or deserted. “This institution,” said Miss Durkin, “will look after both mother and children until the mother is physically able to look after herself.” Of its thinking women New York has reason to be justly proud.

THE HOME AND THE CHILD

WHEN Emerson visited England many years ago he was extraordinarily impressed by the exclusive and concentrated domesticity of this country, the tenacious allegiance to the theory that "blood is thicker than water."

There is little of that in New York. One does not see there the smug self-complacency of the married, of which Charles Lamb complained so bitterly. Matrimony does not lay its hand so heavily on the New Yorker as it does on the average Londoner. Domesticity sometimes destroys initiative in this country, and marriage, as a witty philosopher pointed out some years ago, frequently makes a woman "look like a public building"—something prosaic and unromantic. But we have changed a good deal during the past few years. We are not so narrow as we once were in this respect. The occupants of the home now do for the most part realize

the existence of a wide and fairly interesting world lying outside its own walls.

The New Yorker does not suggest intense pre-occupation with home life. The craze for hotel apartment and restaurant life is rampant. Possibly that is why the "home" atmosphere is missing in New York, that soft, cushiony, let-us-draw-round-the-fire atmosphere, which makes the sorrows of the world outside seem unreal and unrelated, and which makes the outsider feel lonely and remote. William Blake denounced this "soft family love,"

"Placing the family alone,
Destroying all the world beside."

So perhaps there is something to be said for the home which is not a home.

In most of the homes I visited in New York there was almost complete absence of comfort and of individuality. They might have been hotel apartments for all the clue they gave to the owners' personality. One felt that the furniture had been bought in suites, and that there were few items in the home which had been chosen for any object other than utility or conventionality. There were no cherished "household gods." Only one house seemed to me artistic, and that was the home of

people deeply devoted to art. Such artistic efforts as the others displayed were the artistic efforts of the house decorator. The chairs, for the most part, were not made to lounge or to loll in. They were not low and luxurious, and slumbrous with billowing cushions. The American woman is not naturally indolent or phlegmatic. She likes stiff-backed chairs which keep her alert and wide-awake. She loves rocking-chairs, it is true, but in these she sits upright. Her rocking is but another indication of her restlessness. Even when she is sitting she must keep moving. If one wished a place of placid peace and repose, one would choose the English home. It must be remembered, however, that coddling comfort, though it is pleasing to the body, is not stimulating to the soul. A home which invites one to linger too long in it is not always productive of the highest endeavour.

The spirit of restlessness in the atmosphere of New York is also destructive of the anchored home feeling. People are here to-day and gone to-morrow. In England the man who says "It will be all the same a hundred years hence" is probably speaking the truth, so gently monotonous may be his life; but in New York everything is in a con-

tinuous state of transition, uncertainty, and restlessness. The depressing climate of England often makes a man a home-lover whether he will or no. The clear climate of New York has quite a contrary effect. It gives one no desire to doze and dream in an armchair.

There are various other reasons which contribute to the lack of home life in New York. A placid wife knitting or sewing beside a fire is the average Englishman's dream of domesticity. But in New York the women are not placid, they do not practise "the little curiosities of the needle," and there are no fireplaces. What is home without a fireplace? It is but a pale and shadowy imitation of a home. In English and Scottish domestic song and story, the fire, the hearth, the "ingle neuk" have played a prominent part. They have suffused the idea of home with a certain radiance and romance. How cold and unsympathetic seem hot pipes and electricity in comparison!

The wife who looks up to her husband with respect and reverence, who asks anxiously, like Mr. W. B. Yeats' domesticated woman—

What will you have for supper?

What shall I wear that I may please you, sir?

is another aid to home-iness, and the New York woman is not like that at all. She does not sit watching for her husband's return, nor does she warm her husband's slippers, though he may possibly warm hers. But she frequently takes long voyages to Europe while her husband sticks to his office and makes the best of a home without a wife.

As a housewife there is nothing conservative about the New York woman, and this also has its effect upon the home. When Progress, in the shape of machinery and electricity, comes in at the door, the "home" feeling flies out at the window. "What-was-good-enough-for-grandmother-is-good-enough-for-me" has no place in the New York woman's vocabulary, and so we find her home full of all the latest devices for cooking and cleaning and lighting. It is not unusual for the thoughtful New York woman to attend classes in scientific house-management so that she may be able to direct her servants intelligently. The existence of the Women's League of Housekeepers in New York proves that the more serious of the women regard the whole question from a fairly wide platform.

There are few English homes which are not decorated with flowers all the year round. Though

the well-to-do American takes flowers with her in large quantities when she travels, to decorate her railway carriage or her ocean liner cabin, curiously enough, she seldom adorns her home with them. The “womanly” touch of the bowl of roses here or the tall vase of lilies there is therefore lacking, and the home suffers in consequence.

The garden, even if it be little more than a back-yard, is another aid to domesticity. But the New York man has no back garden, and even if he had it is doubtful whether he would spend much time in “pottering about” in it as the Englishman loves to do.

The prattling, wondering child is an almost indispensable adjunct to the ideal home from the English point of view. But the New York child does not prattle. It asks questions (many of them), it informs, it converses, but it does not prattle. And certainly it does not wonder. Accustomed from its cradle to New York and all the glories thereof, how can it possibly wonder? It is blasé from its birth. Those who like such babes about them as are fat, sleek-headed babes, and such as sleep o’ nights, will not be drawn to the New York child, who is pale and precocious, and thin and

elfin. When its grown-up-ness is not too pronounced, it has a charm of its own, however. It is intelligent and interesting, and has a certain piquancy. It is independent, too. One has only to see New York boys and girls sitting in their lovely big-windowed, book-lined room in the Public Library, so comfortable and gay, with its tiny tables and chairs and its big jars of flowers everywhere—to realize this.

The average New York infant-in-arms is a marvel of precocious solemnity. I had not the pleasure of meeting one in its own home, but I sat for two or three hours in the Central Park one afternoon and watched an endless stream of them passing before me. The New York two-year-old does not toddle, it walks ; it does not gurgle, it laughs, and that but rarely. Most of them, as they sat bolt upright in their wicker baby carriages, looked worried and preoccupied, as if they had the cares of a nation on their small shoulders. Were they pondering schemes for making money, one wondered ; were they miniature millionaires in embryo, already cognisant of the vast financial possibilities of the wonderful country which gave them birth ? Whatever may have been the reason, they lacked the take-no-thought-for-the-morrow expression which is so uni-

versal in the baby faces of this country. There is more subtlety and profundity about the New York baby than about the average New York grown-up. It gives more food for thought and for speculation as to the inner workings of its mind. But, as I have already remarked, it does not add to the "home-iness" of the home.

THE NEW YORK MAN

SOMEBODY (Mrs. Annie Besant, I think) has said that a certain type of American man belongs to what in Theosophical language is called the Sixth Race, or, in other words, to the highest stage of human evolution. When I first heard this statement I was surprised, but my visit to New York considerably modified this astonishment.

Not for a moment would one suggest that the average New York man comes under this category—far from it—but here and there, principally in the professional classes, one sees a face which Nietzsche might well have chosen for his Super-man. The splendid brow, the firm, fine-lipped mouth, and the fearless, resolute eye which characterize this type, indicate an entire subjugation of the senses by the intellect. Yet there is no lack of sympathy or kindness. “With the highest type asceticism is an instinct.” There is absolutely nothing of the earth earthy about this New York super-man. It would be impossible

to imagine him moving about in a fog of flabby emotions like the heroes of some of our leading novelists. Of course, such a man is not so interesting to the psychologist or the dramatist as the weak "human" person, who rather prides himself on his "humanity," but this type of New York man has no ambition to provide "copy" for the psychologist or the dramatist. He wishes merely to be absolute master of himself, and being master of himself, he is master of others.

The Down-Town Man

However, this applies, so far as my observation went, to a very limited number. The average New York man-in-the-street, the man seen "down town" or in trams and tubes, is a very ineffectual-looking person, colourless, and lacking in personality. An American woman, to whom I expressed surprise that a "live" town like New York should possess so many insignificant looking men, replied somewhat warmly: "Yes, and who are these men?—aliens who come over here to make a living." This may have been so. I could not contradict her. It cannot be too often reiterated that the enormous alien population of New York makes it a

city by itself, a city in no way representative of America as a whole.

Nevertheless, the strangers' impressions must be gathered from things seen, and on this basis the average New York man is uninteresting and commonplace. "They are not happy," said Stendhal of American men many years ago, and an air of depression is still characteristic of the majority. Perhaps the New York man's constant perusal of arresting head-lines—panics, scares, murders, and sudden deaths—with which the New York Press so liberally supplies him may have something to do with this. At every available opportunity he can be seen scanning these, turning first to the crude cartoons with their (to British ideas) strangely elementary humour. Or perhaps his depression may be due to a realization of the truth of Blake's assertion that "For every pleasure money is useless."

Kind but Matter-of-fact

Then one can see him in the big stores, scrutinizing various articles of attire with the air of a harassed housewife, or sitting in some radiant rose and white Fifth Avenue shop watching his wife choose her hat or gown and pronouncing

judgment with the seriousness of a Solomon. One feels that the average New York man highly appreciates outward show and smartness in a woman. Given these, he would not trouble himself much about qualities of heart or soul. To the satisfying of every whim of these pampered, luxury-loving women he gladly devotes his days and nights.

Yet, in spite of all this devotion to his womankind, the New York man is not romantic, and he is too wholly obsessed by one idea—the money-making one—to prove an altogether satisfactory husband. He seldom has any hobbies or pursuits outside his business, and he has neither the time nor the inclination for social life or travel. His wife and daughters “do Europe” while he sits in his office making more money for these idlers to fritter away. Because of the narrowness of his interests, he fails as a companion. The New York woman likes to be amused and though gifts of diamonds prove acceptable to her, they cannot altogether banish boredom. If the New York man thought a little more of the duty he owes to himself and a little less of the duty he owes to his wife, it would probably be better for all concerned.

Perhaps the most attractive quality of the New York man, as it is of the New York woman, is his

straightforwardness and naturalness. He looks as if truthfulness belonged to him. This seems a curious statement, perhaps, in view of the American's notorious love of "tall stories." But these stories are not, strictly speaking, lies. They harm neither the hearer nor the speaker. George Washington might have uttered them and yet not lost his prestige. They are merely elaborate embroiderings of the truth, child-like flights of fancy, and they are usually the outcome of an intense patriotism and a desire to make the most of everything that proceeds out of America.

No Posing or Picturesqueness

The poseur, who has multiplied so exceedingly in England during the past year or so, is not to be found in New York. There is none of that sickly self-consciousness which is supposed to accompany the "artistic temperament" in this country, and which has spread far and wide into circles which are not artistic. New York has no use for sham artistic temperaments. Its young men are not "intense," "soulful," "disillusioned" (adjectives applied to themselves by young men who seek kindred souls in the pages of a London popular penny

literary weekly circulating chiefly among the middle classes). The German philosopher's warning, "Beware of picturesque men," would be superfluous in New York, for there are no picturesque men there.

As it was to the ancient Greeks and Romans, so to the modern New Yorker good is good and bad is bad. He "puts no new names or notions upon authentic virtues or vices." He spins no elaborate metaphysical theories about the intermediate shades. But then his is not a metaphysical mind. He is simple, direct, utilitarian, and yet with a solid streak of sentiment behind it all. He admires the goodness of melodrama, and generally speaking the most popular heroine in an American novel or play is a being of almost flawless perfection. One somehow likes him for this simplicity of mind. It approximates to the old-fashioned idea of "manliness." There is no nonsense about him.

The New York Society man, as one sees him riding in the Central Park or walking in Fifth Avenue, is a very good imitation of the London Society man, whom he appears to copy closely in dress and general style. Though he is sometimes quite good-looking in a determined, forceful kind of way, he lacks the

distinction of that decorative darling of the aristocracy—the Piccadilly clubman. But after all, did not Sir Thomas Browne say, “He that chiefly owes himself to himself is the substantial man” ? The attractive New York Society man (there are many unattractive) has character, while the attractive London Society man (there are also many unattractive) has charm.

The New York man of all classes is, generally speaking, polite. One can see him with hat in hand all the time he is talking to a lady in the street ; and when he raises his hat he does so whole-heartedly, not in the timid fashion of so many middle-class Englishmen who lift their hats half an inch and replace them hurriedly as if afraid of catching cold.

As for the working-class men, I have never met more politeness or kindness than I experienced in New York.

The tram and 'bus conductors of New York are, so far as my experience went, courtesy personified. They help one on and off with an old-world grace, and they almost invariably remember where one wishes to alight. Once, on a Fifth Avenue car, I was carried two or three blocks beyond my destination. It was entirely my own fault, and the average Cockney

conductor would have told me so in no uncertain tones. Not so this benevolent Sir Galahad (he was an Irishman, judging by his rich brogue). Putting his hand in his pocket, he pulled out a dime (equivalent to fivepence), and said: "Here, pay your fare back with that, it was my fault entoirely. I ought to have tould you." When I refused it, he still pressed it upon me, and even after I had left the car his voice followed me, urging me to take the dime.

Another curious experience proved to me the existence of kind-heartedness in New York. A fierce and sudden gust of wind blew my hat, pins and all, off my head. Instead of rolling along the street, as is the fashion of runaway hats in London, it flew up straight as a rocket, further and further, beyond the outermost limits of the skyscrapers, till I had a crick in my neck watching its fantastic flight skywards. Just when I thought it was lost to me for ever (and it was a hat to which I was much attached), it began slowly to descend, and then, as if in sheer "cussedness," it veered to the left and disappeared on the roof of a semi-skyscraper. A policeman who was watching this extraordinary performance said it was the first time he had seen such a thing happen.

I was not going to lose it without a struggle, so I entered the house to which the roof belonged (it turned out to be a saloon), and asked permission to ascend to the top to look for my lost hat. Immediately the proprietor and three or four of his men left what they were doing and ran up to the roof.

Chivalry in the Saloon

There was racing and chasing on the roof for some time, one man climbing up a chimney, a second on his knees looking over a giddy precipice, and a third running round the roof and peering into every declivity ; but the hat remained obdurately hidden. It was then suggested that I should ask next door. I did so, and the same thing happened. Three or four men left their work, and ascended to the top, where a similar search was prosecuted. Finally, a great and sympathetic shout came from below. “ Your hat is downstairs.” And there was the proprietor from the saloon next door, his smart suit and spotless linen covered with straw and dust, but he carried the hat, pins and all, triumphantly in his hand. He had continued the search after I had gone. Surely, it would be difficult to find in any city more kindly and chivalrous men than these.

Disregard of Tips

The most pleasant part of it all is that the kindness shown one in New York is quite altruistic. A watchman on the Ellis Island pier took so much trouble voluntarily on my behalf, that I almost mechanically offered him a tip. He flushed with indignation. "I don't want that," he said, without even looking to see how much it was. Such a thing had never happened to me before, and I felt exceedingly apologetic.

Waiters in restaurants watch one's interests with a quite unselfish zeal. If an item on the menu is much dearer than in England, they tactfully draw attention to the fact, before one has pledged oneself irretrievably. Yet they do not watch one with hypnotic gaze on one's departure as in England and on the Continent, and they appear equally pleased whether the gratuity is great or small.

SHOPPING IN NEW YORK

NEW YORK is exasperatingly expensive. There are no two questions about it. Your hand is in your pocket, as the phrase goes, all day and every day. To make matters worse, a spirit of prodigality is in the air. To economise in New York is almost an impossibility. Everything is done on such a large scale there. Probably, if there is anything in thought suggestion, the presence of so many millionaires is also conducive to recklessness. Be this as it may—

It's in for a dollar, in for a dime,
Spending, spending all the time,

As a shopper, the New York woman cannot be regarded altogether as a success. She is too serious about it. There is none of that joy in shopping for the sake of shopping which is so universal in London. The "bargain-hunting" face is everywhere. Before ten o'clock in the morning you will see women

pouring into the big department stores. Shopping is to them a business, not a pleasure.

And yet, in what town in the world are so many comforts and conveniences offered to the shopper? A week would not exhaust the possibilities of vast, ornate establishments like Wanamaker's or Macey's or Gimble's. There are luxurious lounges to sit on, writing-rooms to write in, hospital wards with every convenience to which one can be conducted if suddenly seized with illness, charming nurseries with little white cots and toys and rocking horses, where children and babies can be left in charge of competent attendants while the mothers go shopping. In Wanamaker's there is a large and beautifully decorated concert hall, where one can listen to elaborate programs of beautiful music.

The Manicure Mania

Everything that the heart of woman can desire seems to be obtainable at these mammoth stores. She can, moreover, have her face massaged or "made-up," her hair dressed, or her hands manicured. It is quite quaint to see myriads of women and girls sitting at little tables in full view of the public having their hands manicured.

Orderly New York

The orderliness and method of the New York shops are something to marvel at. Everything is arranged in neat piles and rows without much concern for artistic effect. An earthquake, by giving an air of unpremeditated disorder, might make New York artistic. As it is, it is painfully precise with a precision which is apt to get on one's nerves.

The Shop Girl

In the big stores most of the shop-girls wear white. Black is not worn by waitresses and shop-girls to anything like the extent it is in London. Generally speaking they are not remarkable for their alacrity. They have a leisurely "take-it-or-leave-it" manner, and are fond of "colloguing" with each other when customers are waiting. But they never pester one to buy. It is possible to go from one end of a big store to the other, stopping as often as one feels disposed, without a single question being asked. Nor has one the uncomfortable feeling of being watched which one often experiences in English shops. New York trusts the public to a much greater extent than London.

Clothes are dear. I saw no hat worth wearing under

10 dollars (£2). Blouses are also expensive. There are none of the six-and-elevenpenny or seven-and-elevenpenny variety so dear to the heart of the London draper. The very lowest price for a blouse in the reputable shops is about twelve shillings. There seemed to be far less of the cheap and the shoddy in New York than in London, if one excepts the ten cent and five cent. stores, where everything under the sun is procurable at these low prices. These are really quite wonderful in their way, and must be a boon to the poorer section of the community. Coats and skirts can be had as low as three guineas in the big stores, and I saw some quite charming frocks in a Fifth Avenue shop for four guineas. But generally speaking "suits," as they are called over there, are expensive if they are at all chic. So is neckwear. Gloves are well cut, and are fairly reasonable. Travelling trunks also seemed to me to be very moderate in price and quite attractive in appearance. But I saw no shops full of cheap little inducements to purchase such as those in Oxford Street or St. Paul's Churchyard. New York caters for its own citizens, not for tourists or "transients," as people who stay for a week or a fortnight are called in boarding-houses.

Books also are more expensive in New York than London. The 4s. 6d. novel costs 5s. and sometimes 6s., while the magazine which is 6d. in England costs 7½d. in New York. But New York is not a bookish city. Most of the bookshops are great orderly, methodical places. One feels that the customers buy books, not from love, but from duty. There is none of that literary atmosphere which hovers round the haunts of the genuine book-lover.

Ice-Cream and Candies

As the London woman shopper flies to tea-rooms so does the American woman fly to ice-cream parlours, of which there are hundreds in New York. And certainly the ice-cream and sodas and "sundaes" are something to marvel at. Women sit in rows at the counter consuming them, with never a man among them. The usual prices are fivepence or sevenpence-halfpenny, and they are really delicious. So are the "candies." They are irresistible. Many shops have special bargain days, when the candy-lover is enabled to lay in a good stock of her favourite sweet at a much reduced price. These cheap days generally fall on a Saturday.

Restaurants—dear and cheap

It must not, however, be imagined that good tea cannot be procured in New York. The New York Society woman is gradually being won over to the English beverage. There are various charming tea-rooms in quiet streets where, in delightful surroundings, one can get tea as in England. There is the *Rip Van Winkle*, which is so dark that all day long it is lit with golden pendant lights. It is described as "the quaintest place in town." The waitresses are garbed in blue and yellow, with mob caps. Then there is the *Peg Woffington*, with its handmaids picturesque in moss-green fichued gowns and white stockings. With old oak and gate-legged tables, and polished floors and old-world windows, it is a fascinating place. A popular resort in Fifth Avenue is the *Mary Elizabeth*, white and spotless and shining, each table adorned with a single pink rose.

The restaurants are dear with the exception of Child's, big white marble places which are equivalent to London's A.B.C.'s. There are branches all over New York and they are always crowded. A large room reserved for ladies in a Broadway branch at lunch-time is a wonderful sight. Hundreds and

hundreds of girls sitting in rows, and not a vacant seat. True to New York taste, their millinery is as variegated as a bed of crocuses. Upstairs is a charming sitting-room for business girls, large and bright and cheerful, with books and papers, and rocking chairs and couches upon which the weary may rest. There are also writing-desks and paper provided. What would not the average London business girl give for luxuries like these? New York gives a lesson to London in this respect. Chicken croquette with mashed potatoes is only $7\frac{1}{2}d.$ here, and two boiled or fried or scrambled eggs is the same price. An omelet is $7\frac{1}{2}d.$, while sandwiches can be had for $2\frac{1}{2}d.$ Ham-and-eggs are 1s., and this includes fried potatoes, toast, and butter. Everything else is proportionately reasonable. Child's restaurants are a boon to business people. Rigg's Restaurant is another place which is cheap for New York. "Most any kind of fish," as they put it, "is thirty cents." Those who like "combination lamb chop with soft shell crab and fried ham" can get it at Rigg's for 35 cents (about 1s. $5d.$). "Remember," says the advertisement, "that potatoes and an unlimited variety of rolls, crullers, biscuits, buns, muffins, and any kind of bread are included with all

orders, large and small." So it can be seen that Rigg's is reasonable.

Many other restaurants did I try, but they stunned me by their prices. I shrank from paying 1s. for a small pot, or rather a jug, of tea, for some New York tea-rooms have a habit, exceedingly objectionable to all true tea lovers, of serving tea in jugs. Likewise, to pay $7\frac{1}{2}d.$ for buttered toast and $7\frac{1}{2}d.$ for jam a shilling for a small sandwich, 2s. 6d. for a plate of soup, 1s. for potatoes, or 5s. for a veal cutlet is rather trying to the ordinary person. One shilling and threepence for a small piece of cheese and the same price for the humble kippered herring were asked in restaurants frequented by people who did not look at all overburdened with wealth—the same kind of people who frequent, say, Lyons, in London. Enough has been said to show that though New York is dear there is, here and there, balm in Gilead, and that for those who "know the ropes" it is possible to live on a lower salary than at first seems possible.

SOMETHING ABOUT SUFFRAGISTS

MY experience of suffragists in New York was more or less incidental. The very afternoon of my arrival I had an opportunity of hearing a prominent woman suffragist (at least, some one in the crowd told me she was one of the leading members of the Women's Suffrage Party) addressing a crowd from an automobile at a corner of Fifth Avenue directly opposite the headquarters of the detested "Antis." Her listeners were composed chiefly of women, young girls, and a troop of dilatory errand boys. Saving a few intelligent-looking women they were not wildly enthusiastic. Some were distinctly hostile. "Crazy fools," said an over-dressed, pink-faced woman beside me, as she turned on her heel indignantly. This antagonism is rather extraordinary, for the New York suffragist is not at all militant in her methods. But then it must be remembered that the New York woman is

not "sat upon" by men as is the Englishwoman, and therefore the question of Suffrage is one that does not touch the imagination of the coddled unthinking woman to any extent.

Frankly, I was disappointed in this particular speaker ; she had obviously not studied the art of oratory, or gesture, and she failed to get into rapport with her audience. The subject matter of the speech was also disappointing. Too much of it was devoted to a denunciation of the " Antis," and their predilection for lapdogs. " The Antis " are no doubt very irritating people, and they seem to be particularly stupid in New York judging by written accounts of their sayings and doings, but to say so once in the course of a short speech ought to suffice.

Suffragist Policemen

Chance once again threw me into contact with this section of the suffrage movement in New York. A reception was being held in honour of Sarah Bernhardt at the society's headquarters at East 34th Street. I joined the crowd which waited outside to see the magnificent Sarah. The place was gaily decorated with yellow, and a big yellow " Votes for Women " flag was suspended overhead. Two police-

men were in attendance to keep the crowd in order, but they appeared to be doing this in a somewhat unsatisfactory manner. A tall, imposing suffragist took the duty upon herself and put the policemen to shame. At her brisk "Step lively," passing loiterers literally took to their heels, while sightseers were kept in serried ranks by her reiterated "Pass along, or stay right where you are—suit yourselves." Suddenly she turned to me with the question, "Are you a suffragist?" The gaze of the crowd was focussed upon me as I publicly acknowledged my devotion to the Cause. "Then keep the crowd in order down there," she commanded. To my shame be it said that I lacked the moral courage to seize this unique opportunity of acting as an amateur policeman in New York. But let it be said in extenuation that she was twice my size, and that is a tremendous advantage in dealing with a crowd of New York "toughs."

When Bernhardt arrived the men in the crowd acted in a dastardly manner. They brutally pushed and jostled women who had been waiting for hours, and seized the best positions. The indignation among the women was intense. "Surely no better testimony is needed that it is time we had the vote,"

said one. "Why did the policemen allow the men to go in front?—because they were voters," said another. "Brutes," said a third. This spirited sense of justice was not manifest in the ordinary New York crowd among whom I stood a day or two previously watching a municipal procession; but then they had not been put to such a severe test as in this instance. Curiously enough, this is the only instance of bad manners and brutality on the part of men that I witnessed while in New York.

"Tables Reserved for Men"

A particularly interesting expression of the suffragist movement in New York is Mrs. Oliver H. P. Belmont's club in East 41st Street. It is a huge white building, with an ornate frontage. Lunch is served every day. On a placard outside runs the significant legend, "Tables reserved for men." Hitherto it has been quite the other way about, but a straw shows which way the wind blows. There are no waitresses and no menus at this restaurant. A large bill of fare on the wall indicates the prices, which are exceedingly reasonable.

Each customer provides herself with a knife and fork from a large basket and then procures the dish

she desires at a counter in the centre of the room, carrying it to the table herself. A notice on the walls exhorts customers to bring back the dishes they have used to the counter, and to leave the table ready for the next comer.

Plates that Plead for Votes

The gathering was chiefly feminine, but here and there a man might be seen timidly taking his waffles or his Clam Chowder Manhattan to the retired corner reserved for him. Every cup, saucer, and plate bore in bold lettering the words "Votes for Women." Even the inside of dishes was thus adorned. As one's soup disappeared the words, startling and insistent, stared at one from the side of the plate. The same war-cry, in the form of cartoons from the Women's Suffrage Atelier in London, leaped at one from the walls.

Many activities with a Suffrage bias are carried on at this club during the week—lectures, concerts, artistic groups, singing groups, and what not. There is also a hygienic store downstairs where all kinds of face creams and toilet requisities are purveyed. At the Suffrage Shop in East 34th Street, toilet articles, soap, powder, handkerchiefs and

such edibles as home-made cakes, jellies and candies are sold. So far as I know, there is nothing of the kind in London in connection with any of the Suffrage societies. But the idea seemed to me rather a good one from the point of view of attracting the general public. It would be almost impossible, for instance, to lunch for a week at Mrs. O. P. Belmont's club without feeling that the securing of "Votes for Women," was a vital necessity.

The stranger gets the impression that the New York Suffrage movement is in a very flourishing condition. Many of the leading men of New York are entirely in favour of it. One declared recently that so many leading business men, in their conduct of big affairs, were so dependent on shrewd women confidential secretaries, that suffrage was bound to come. Not so many years ago the combined Suffrage societies of the city were housed in one room at the *Martha Washington Hotel*. Now each has its own large and imposing headquarters.

Their methods are quiet, persistent, and educational. In the course of a chat with the chairman of the Press Bureau of the National American Woman Suffrage Association she told me that their work consisted principally in the publishing of literature

on the Suffrage question, from the simplest arguments for elementary minds to the most scholarly pamphlets ; the providing of material for thousands of young students in the high schools and colleges who constantly debate these questions ; the maintenance of a great Press Bureau which keeps the leading journals of the country well supplied with articles and pictures ; and the holding each year of a great Convention.

The experience of California is a great encouragement. Though the women of this country have only had the vote for a very short time, the effect has been magical. Numerous reforms affecting women and children have already been effected, and the position of women generally has been much improved. " The men have always been polite to the women in my country," said a Californian girl to me, " but since we got the vote they treat us like queens."

“ THE CHILDREN’S COURT ”

WHEN the little boys and girls of New York are bad they are “ very, very bad.” But they are given splendid opportunities of becoming very, very good. New York looks after the interests of its children with a wonderful and touching solicitude. I discovered this at the Children’s Court off Third Avenue, not far from the famous Bowery, where offenders under the age of sixteen are arraigned before special judges, who have been withdrawn entirely from the Criminal Courts for this purpose, and who are chosen for their love and understanding of children. They act as judge, jury, and parent in one. Fourteen thousand children were tried last year for such offences as burglary, carrying dangerous weapons, disorderly conduct, robbery, and assault. When arrested the children are taken at once to the Court, or (if the Court does not happen to be sitting) to the headquarters of the Society for Prevention of

Cruelty to Children, called locally “ The Gerry Society,” where they are treated with every kindness.

A fine new Children’s Court House was opened this year.

“ The Big Brothers ”

Two judges—the Hon. John B. Mayo and the Hon. Franklin Chase Hoyt—are more or less permanently attached to this court. As I attended on two days I heard them both, and my admiration was divided equally between them, not only for the thorough and able manner in which each case was investigated, but also for their sympathy, courtesy, and patience. Mr. Justice Mayo, who is the elder of the two, is more paternal in his manner. Mr. Justice Hoyt, who looks astonishingly young for a judge, and who possesses an attractive sense of humour, is president of a society called “ The Big Brothers,” which exists to befriend the small criminals. This corresponds to the society for a similar purpose called “ The Big Sisters,” already referred to, composed of well-known Society women, and on the first day I attended two or three of

those, including Mrs. Charles Dana Gibson, wife of the famous artist, were present.

The Court opens at ten each morning. A railing divides the room in two. On one side sit the parents, guardians, and friends of the juvenile prisoners. Looking at the slatternly women and shifty, black-guardish men, of whom these were chiefly composed, one could hardly wonder that the children were criminals from their cradles.

Culprits

On the other side of the railing sat the Judge and the Court officials, the chief clerk, whose courteous manner to the prisoners and prisoners' parents is also very pleasing, a lady representative from the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children, which works in conjunction with the Court, and a representative from the educational authorities, who attends in connection with the truant children. On benches along the wall on either side sat the small culprits—poor, desolate, unhappy-looking creatures the majority of them. Some, however, had the bold, bad look of the hardened criminal, cunning and low-browed, and depraved.

The cases were conducted in quite colloquial

fashion between the judge and the prisoners. Those in the body of the hall could hear nothing of what was going on.

The Bad Boy

One of the first, on Judge Mayo’s day, was a boy of about twelve, whose record was a bad one, and also a peculiarly mean one. It included stealing money from the clothes of men at work, breaking open the tills of poor street stall-keepers, palming off papers a day old on the public, and sneaking into picture shows without paying. This was his fifth conviction, and he was sent to a home.

In cases of first offences a child is put on probation. That is to say, he is allowed to return home, and one of the Court’s paid probation officers (there are twenty-six—fourteen men and twelve women, chosen for their sympathy and high moral character) is deputed to visit him for a certain number of weeks. If his conduct is not satisfactory he is sent to a home at the end of his probation period, and his parents (if he has any, and they can afford it) must pay fifty cents a week for him while there.

It was amusing in the Court to see how the parents’ jaws dropped, and to hear their ingenious excuses,

when asked to pay this sum. The Court, by the way, seemed to exist principally for foreign immigrants. "Are you a voter?" asked the Judge of a tousled Italian. "No one ever asked me to," was the reply, amid laughter.

The case of an obstreperous boy who kicked his mother and stole her money roused the Judge's indignation. "We have no room in this country for boys who kick their mothers," he said sternly. "He must go back to Austria. Take him to Ellie Island." The mother gladly acquiesced.

Courtesy to the Poorest

But in a moment the judge's expression changed to one of profound sympathy when three sad-eyed, grimy toddlers, their ages ranging from two to six, stood before him. A tale of terrible woe the policeman unfolded. The mother was dying in hospital; the father, a habitual drunkard, had given them nothing to eat for days. They had been found in a room without a stick of furniture. "Don't cry, my dears," said the Judge kindly, as the forlorn-looking little creatures began weeping bitterly. "We will be kind to you and look after you." "Good-bye," he said as they were led away to the home of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

The Samaritan

“ Sit down, dear madam,” said the Judge gently to an Irish washerwoman, with a dazed expression and toil-worn hands. She and her children had also been found in a room without any furniture, and the father was likewise a drunkard. “ Don’t part me from my children ; they are my only comfort,” she pleaded. “ No,” replied the Judge, “ we will not take your children from you. You are a good woman and are doing your best for them. A good mother is the best friend a child can have. But we will take care of them for you for a few days till you get a home for them. We will furnish your room from our furniture fund. But you must have nothing more to do with your husband. He will only drag you and the children down.” The poor woman willingly promised.

Care for Girl Children

Not so sympathetic was the Judge to the next mother—a pretty, smartly-dressed Italian. In the interests of the child herself, this woman’s daughter, a girl of fourteen or so, had been forbidden to visit her. “ You must not go to see your mother,” says the Judge to the girl ; “ if your mother wants to see you

she must visit you at your grandmother's, but you must not go to her house."

A gaudily-dressed, bold-looking, coloured girl of twelve was brought forward. The mother asked for "another chance." "You have done your best already, says the Judge, "but you have not had any influence over her. So you must allow us to see what we can do. Your daughter will be sent to the New York State Training School for Girls, and she will be returned to you absolutely 'made over' a good, self-respecting girl." On hearing this the mother was led away in hysterics. It was easy to see that the stupidity and ignorance of the parents makes the task of the magistrates a difficult one at times. Sometimes both parents attend—the one for the culprit, the other against.

A little boy was accused of forging his father's name, and another of "holding up" a little girl in the street and robbing her of ten cents. Yet another was convicted of stealing a watch, and a fourth of being found on private premises with burglarious intent.

"The World is full of Weeping"

Infinitely pathetic are some of the cases at the

Children’s Court. Think of six little tots all sitting in a row. Their mother, who had come to New York to be treated for tuberculosis, had fallen dying in the street, and the little ones were left alone; or of a tiny toddler of two whose father had just murdered his mother. The world is indeed too full of weeping for these unhappy little souls to understand. It is painful to see a baby laughing and gurgling at the judge while its mother is being convicted of intemperance, cruelty, and other evils.

One carries away the impression that the Children’s Court is doing a wonderful work of charity, reclamation, and reformation, and doing it in a humane, kindly, and thorough fashion. “ This Court is not so much concerned with the actual delinquency as with the character of the child,” said Judge Hoyt (on whose day I was unfortunately able to stay only a short time) to a foxy-faced prosecutor who begged that an inoffensive-looking little boy found on his premises in company with thieves should be made “ an example.” “ What do you mean by ‘ an example ’ ? Do you want us to gibbet him ? This little boy seems to me to be a good boy and a truthful boy, and I am going to discharge him.”

Those to whom New York appears merely a

mercenary, glittering, and artificial city should visit the Children's Court. It will show them something of a totally different character, and something which they will find altogether unforgettable.

THE ISLE OF THE LAST HOPE

“**T**HERE is only one New York” is a favourite saying on the other side of the Atlantic, but with equal truth could it be said “There is only one Ellis Island.” No visitor to New York ought to miss it. Boats ply to and fro between the island and New York at regular intervals during the day, and there is no difficulty in securing admission. The stranger is, in fact, welcomed, and the officials, one and all, are exceedingly kind and helpful in giving information.

Four or five thousand people—the world’s Unfit, Baffled, Bad, and Stupid, as well as, in a much lesser degree, the world’s Intelligent and Enterprising—daily reach Ellis Island, that wonderful building in New York Harbour, through which all immigrants must pass and give a satisfactory account of themselves before they are permitted to land in America. As many as forty-three different dialects are heard

at one time here. The Tower of Babel was nothing to it. Italians, Russians, Poles, Scandinavians, Syrians, Armenians, Croatians, Spaniards, Turks, French, Germans, Jews—these and myriads of others seek solace under the Stars and Stripes.

Many are the stories told of the rigours of Ellis Island and the red-tape exercised in regard to immigrants. As to the truth of these I had no time to investigate. But, judging from the five thousand immigrants among whom I spent a few hours, there is undoubtedly every reason for the strictest supervision. Large placards hung on the wall exhorted officials to treat the immigrants with kindness and courtesy, and apparently the behest was being obeyed.

Luggage of the last Hope

What impressed me most of all was the sight presented by the huge main building, packed with people who had passed the doctor, and were congregated to satisfy the inspectors as to their respectability and financial status. Here, indeed, was a spectacle of profound and pathetic interest to any student of human nature. All had their little bundles of dollars in their hands—pitifully small bundles in

the most cases—ready to satisfy the inspectors, who sat with an interpreter at the end of each row of people, that they were not penniless. As those who had passed this ordeal went out at one door, fresh relays of dazed, fatigued-looking men, women, and children entered at the lower part of the hall carrying their baggage with them. And such baggage! What a tale it told of poverty and deprivation and discomfort! Battered tin trunks tied together with ropes, dilapidated portmanteaux, big sheets containing a family's whole possessions, poor-looking paper parcels. Some brave souls had crossed the Atlantic with no worldly possessions but the clothes they stood in. And over all this desperate-looking company two huge flags, adorned with the Stars and Stripes, flapped benevolently. The pathos of it all would have moved a heart of stone.

From the Uttermost Ends of the Earth

“Do you see that old man sitting so lonesome?” said a deporting officer who stood beside me in the gallery regarding the scene below, and who was able to tell at a glance a Scot from an Englishman, a Pole from a Russian or a Dane from a Norwegian. “He is a Scandinavian, and has come to end his

days with a married son and daughter. And look at that crowd with sad faces coming in now. These are Irish. That long row of silent people are Scotch. We have a lot of Scotch to-day. That is why it is so quiet. When we have many Italians it is more like a mad-house than anything else. These men with the close-fitting fur caps, fur collars and top boots are Cossacks. Although it is such a hot day, they are dressed just as when they left their own country." "And who are these?" I asked, indicating a man with bright yellow boots, carrying two brilliantly coloured parrots on a perch, and accompanied by a woman dressed in the gaudiest pale blue with her black hair ablaze with glittering combs. "These are from South America," he replied. "It is quite a usual thing for immigrants to bring pet animals with them. It makes them feel less lonely in a strange land. These young fellows who look so ill and the little girls wrapped in shawls whom the matron is feeding with hot milk have just come out of the hospital. All those suffering from quarantinable diseases are removed from the vessels at the Quarantine Station and do not reach Ellis Island until cured." "Are many deported?" I asked. "Six thousand were deported during the

year ending June, 1912. I have been to Alaska, China, Japan, Russia, and other countries, accompanying the deported cases. The steamship companies pay the expenses. The chief reasons for deportation are pauperism, immorality, and any physical or mental malady which would debar them from earning a living."

And still the endless procession came pouring in—weary-looking women with shawls round their heads, dragging two or three children in their wake, were quite numerous. Here and there sat a bright young man with his face full of determination and hope, and there were one or two very charming young couples obviously of good education. But such types were the exceptions. It is not surprising to learn that many of the Ellis Island immigrants are absolute illiterates who do not know even the days of the week, month or year, or the name of any country but their own. Nor is it surprising, watching some of these villainous faces, to know that New York is over-run with foreigners ready, for a small consideration, to commit crimes of the first magnitude.

In various rooms in the building commissioners were sitting, investigating cases held back for

special inquiry. Into these none but the people directly concerned were admitted. The Detention Room was full of women and children, detained because their friends had not claimed them, or because of some suspicious circumstance connected with their cases. Women with wailing babies in their arms sat limply against the wall. Two coloured girls sat at a table with their heads buried in their hands. Another girl paced about weeping bitterly. Some low-browed, vindictive-looking Italian women pushed up against me. It may have been a coincidence, but it was five minutes after this I discovered my watch was missing, and I have not seen it since.

The Tragic Note

In the waiting-room people who had successfully passed doctor and inspector and railroad-room were sitting on their baggage, with tickets indicating the route they were going to travel by pinned on to their coats. Men, women and children—they all looked hot and tired. One man had lost his little bundle of dollars. His anxiety was terrible. But it was found and restored to him later. The land of promise was now open to them. The boundless possibilities of the

country of the almighty dollar beckoned to them. But tragedy was not far off. A lady missionary hurried past. She was going to cable to the friends of a woman who had just died on Ellis Island, all alone among strangers.

Very remarkable are many of the manifestations of human nature at Ellis Island. Think of an immigrant whose only baggage is a bundle of stilettos, or a gipsy king who, forsaking his lawful wife, buys another for forty dollars in Bosnia, and is surprised when he is promptly deported. Curious, also, is the case of an odorous Patagonian chief who had never washed in his life, and of an Italian who begs that his wife may be spared the hardship of a bath, as he is convinced it is bad for her health. Imagine, also, a terrorised mother with disfigured face coming to oppose her son's landing because the last time she had seen him he had thrown vitriol at her.

"The scum of the earth come to New York," some one said to me. And, indeed, the hospitality of the American Government is astonishing. America attracts the most extraordinary conglomeration of people. Its fascination is as far-spread as it is irresistible. All kinds of lies and dodges and sub-

terfuges are resorted to by the "ineligible." Ellis Island is indeed the final hope of the helpless ; the last ditch of the desperate.

THE ISLE OF DELIRIUM

CONEY ISLAND, where the million enjoys itself, where the Saturday afternoon and Sunday are spent in one long transport of loud hilarity, is characteristic of New York—at its worst. All the noise, glare, glitter, frothiness, materialism, artificiality, and restlessness of that city are here focussed and concentrated. It would be difficult to find a madder, badder place on this side of Bedlam.

Here the People, in the phrase of Walt Whitman, are “copious and fierce and frivolous.” The “good grey poet,” as his admirers style him, would, no doubt, have found much to his liking at Coney Island. It reeks of “human nature” unobscured by any veil of poetry or romance.

An express train from Brooklyn Bridge reaches Coney Island in 32 minutes. It passes through the depressing suburb of Brooklyn, with its flat buildings and its general resemblance to the south side of

Glasgow. However, this drab colourlessness serves to act as a foil to the gay and variegated wonders of Coney Island, which, by the way, is not really an island at all.

A Pink and White Village

To carry away a correct impression of this Isle of Delirium is very difficult. Everything is so confusing. A hundred different side-shows are shouting their attractions at the same time. It remains in my memory as a pasteboard village of pink and white, ornate with towers and turrets and minarets, jewelled with millions of lights, and all a-flap with flags, big and little. The stars and stripes are everywhere. They wave from turrets, they hang in festoons overhead, they are carried by children and grown-ups. The only serious note I saw in Coney Island was a yellow flag in a little booth, which had by some strange chance wandered in among a pile of stars and stripes banners. Stern and sinister, the words in big black lettering challenged the attention of the frivolous passer-by—"Votes for Women."

Terrifying Side Shows

The air of Coney Island is saturated with the

odoriferous steam of sausages. At every second step one encountered a shop behind which men garbed in white were engaged in cooking sausages. "Fingers were made before forks," must have been their defiant motto, as it was with their fingers they turned them over and inserted them in fat rolls, handing them as quickly as they were cooked to a vastly appreciative public.

As for the side-shows, everything that was fantastic, fearsome, horrific, foolish, and funny on the face of the earth was surely gathered here. A big brazen building, covered with crudely painted pictures of strange, misshapen creatures, was billed on enormous placards, "A Congress of Living Wonders" and "A Coterie of Continental Curios." Paying the necessary dime, I went in and found myself in the most depressing company—people who made their living by displaying their physical peculiarities, arranged like cattle in pens. There was the Fat Man, the "Skeleton Dude," "the Giantess," the "Doll Woman," the Bearded Lady, and the Half-Woman, perhaps the most extraordinary of all. What there was of her was absolutely handsome, but she stopped short at her waist.

"How do you get on to the trams?" said a bold-

faced girl to the Half-Woman, who coloured painfully and the crowd laughed appreciatively at her witticism. The Coney Island crowd is not one of delicate sensibilities. It does not mind hurting people's feelings in the least.

The Movies

I was glad to escape from this side-show and to enter a picture palace (or "Movie," as it is called over there) and restaurant combined, many of which are dotted over Coney Island. "A Mother's Sacrifice" was being played. The waiter who served me with coffee had an ecclesiastical asceticism of appearance which accorded ill with his surroundings. "This is my seventh year here," he said as he flapped the table with his napkin. "I have been a waiter in Berlin, Paris, London—in fact, pretty well all over the world." "And which do you like the best?" I asked in an unguarded moment. He looked at me more in sorrow than in anger as he replied, in slow impressive tones, "There is only one New York."

"The Rocky Road to Dublin," giving one, in addition to various shocks and jolts and excursions and alarms (indispensable in any Coney Island side-show), scenery representing an exact imitation of

Killarney, including Blarney Castle, almost lured me inside. "We are all Irish people connected with this show," said the gatekeeper proudly.

Photographers' studios were as numerous as sands on the seashore. All were supplied with smart motor-cars and distinguished little pony-traps, standing in front of a background representing some ancestral mansion. It is the delight of the Coney Islander to be photographed in this "classy" fashion.

The Smashing Frenzy

"Karlton's Krazy Kitchen" was also doing good business. "If you don't want to break up your own home, break up ours," was the hospitable announcement, and for a nickel or two one was allowed to break as much crockery as one wished, with the added possibility of hitting a real live coloured man who bobbed up and down into the bargain.

In a large hall young men and maidens were dancing Turkey Trots and Bunny Hugs, while others sat round at little tables watching them.

Then there was the lordly pleasure ground of Luna, situated in the midst of all the hubbub of Coney Island—"essentially a place for mothers, wives,

sisters, and children," as the advertisement puts it. The rampant Bohemianism which prevails outside is here replaced by a chastened respectability. But it is by no means devoid of excitements. There is the "cyclone cellar," for instance, where, amid the roaring of thunder and the shrieking of wind, one is banged up against the wall. What better could any genuine Coney Islander wish for? Then there are the "Flyers." These are positively thrilling. One sits in a chair attached to an umbrella-handle. The umbrella in its turn is attached to a steel gable which swings from high, heavy steel girders. As the umbrella opens out the chair swings faster and faster, suspended between heaven and earth. This is the very latest "flip-jack" in Luna amusements.

The Frequenters

"The Dragon's Gorge" is comprehensive and educational. It includes a journey to the North Pole, an exploration of the inland tropics, and a visit to Africa, winding up with "glimpses of mythical regions that include the River Styx and Hades." It is possible also to take a jaunt on cars which dance the turkey trot and tango, to toboggan down a

mountain at the rate of a mile a minute, and to ride on the back of a real burro down a mountain side.

The people who pack the Brooklyn Bridge train at night all look well pleased. They are a mixed crowd. Young men, quiet, respectable-looking girls, in groups of twos and threes, as well as loud-voiced, rowdy ones, married couples with children, and a large percentage of "toughs" and "Bowery boys"—people who, it is said, "would cut your throat for a dime."

Opinions may differ as to Coney Island. Of its elementariness there can be no doubt whatever. It provides the crudest form of human amusement. But after all, one has seen quite respectable people at the White City and at Earl's Court indulging in much the same kind of wild horseplay as prevails in Coney Island. There are certain types of humanity to whom noise and excitement are the natural means of amusement. As New York is full of noise and movement at all times (save on Sunday when it is as quiet as a Scottish "Sawbath"), so the noisiness and movement of its enjoyments must be strongly accentuated to make them felt at all. This probably accounts for the foolishness and freakiness of certain sections of New York Society,

as it accounts for the more justifiable pandemonium of Coney Island. Coney Island acts on its frequenters as an opiate. It is the Isle of forgetfulness of the cares and worries of existence.

THE JOURNALIST OF THE FUTURE

THE knell of "yellow" journalism is sounded in America, and the "rough-neck" methods once so universal are on the rapid road to extinction. It is now more or less generally recognized in the United States that, in view of the greatly increased knowledge and culture necessary for modern newspaper work, the journalist needs special training, just as the lawyer or doctor needs special training. No further proof of this is needed than the journalistic courses now offered at twenty-six Universities in the States, half a dozen of which confer a special degree in journalism.

The most important of these is the School of Journalism founded by Mr. Joseph Pulitzer at Columbia University, with the object of "attracting to this profession young men of character and ability; also to help those already engaged in the profession

to acquire the highest moral and intellectual training." A fine new building has just been completed, containing a large lecture hall, a typewriting-room, library, with newspaper reading-rooms, and classrooms, and smaller lecture-rooms numbering about thirty in all. No more delightful spot for study could be imagined than the tree-clad grassy heights, not far from the waters of the Hudson, on which Columbia University stands.

It was breaking-up day when I was there, and a long row of young men students were executing a kind of Wild Indian snake dance in the grounds, each with his hands on the shoulders of the student in front of him, while they all chanted in single staccato letters the word "Columbia." The effect remotely suggested the barking of a dog. This performance is quite an institution on breaking-up day at Columbia University.

Four Years of Journalism

Professor Talcott Williams occupies the position of "Director and Professor of Journalism," and Professor MacAlarney "Associate Professor of Journalism." There are about 100 students altogether, of whom twenty or so are women. These

come from all parts. One Chinese student has recently returned to his native land. The majority are graduates (B.A.) of Columbia or some other university.

It is a four years' course. The first year is taken up with the history and principles of the inorganic sciences, and of the biological sciences, French, German, history, politics, and philosophy; the second year is a practice course in special writing, particularly financial and commercial reporting, English and American literature, economics, recent European and American history. In the third year is given practice in writing articles, personal narrative, and descriptive, a development of the "news" sense by means of news-gathering, re-writing, and writing from assignments, social and administrative statistics, modern European literature, etc., and in the fourth year the actual practical work is entered upon, and law, sociological questions, and international relations are studied as well.

In Yellow

"It is fitting," said Professor Talcott Williams, humorously, "that the dominant note of the

room of an American professor of journalism should be yellow." He alluded to the wonderful walls of his drawing-room and the beautiful sun-gold curtains brought from the East, which decorated the windows. But there is nothing "yellow" about Professor Williams' views.

Accuracy

"Accuracy," he said, "is one of the qualities which we particularly wish to develop, that and a high sense of conscientiousness and responsibility. We hope to have in our new school, one of the finest journalistic reference libraries in existence, containing every known book of reference, and we shall train our students in the habit of research. Hundreds of newspaper mistakes are due partly to indolence and partly to ignorance on the part of the journalist as to where to look for information."

Endurance and Devotion

"We shall also develop the quality of endurance and the subjugation of personal desires to duty. For instance, our students must not object to work till three or four in the morning editing the morning

manifold and then be present at the usual class hour. There are some people who say that a journalist can only be trained by actual experience in a newspaper office. But how much valuable time the worried journalist wastes in finding out things ! All this diminishes his power of concentration on his work. Our idea is to combine the learning of a university with the life of a great city. The school will concentrate its training on the issues, the problems, and agitations of the next thirty years."

School of Technic

I also had a chat with Professor MacAlarney, who controls the School of Technic, and initiates his pupils into the actual practical work of journalism, using the city of New York as a laboratory. "I give my pupils actual assignments, as if they were already on the staff of a paper, and they must do it up to time. For instance, they covered the Becker, Hyde, and Hawthorn trials, and the inspectors' graft case. The next day they compared their work with the actual newspaper reports. They are also thoroughly trained in rewriting and condensation—a most important feature of modern jour-

nalism. The Associated Press sends us its 'flimsies' daily, and the pupils condense them and rewrite them, putting some 'kick' into them. Many rewriters in New York have developed into very successful magazine story-writers. Headlines and opening paragraphs are also specialized on."

"And what about interviewing?"

"That, more than most forms of journalism, demands an inborn gift. It is no longer possible to seize a man by the throat and force him to give you his opinions. Tact is the modern weapon, and the well-bred, well-read interviewer scores all the time. The ideal interviewer is the man who can make a person forget he is being interviewed. That is why I urge my pupils to rely on their memories as much as possible. Note-taking paralyses many people."

The Sob Sister

The woman journalist is going to get her full share of attention at Columbia University. "My own opinion," said Professor MacAlarney, "is that a woman is quite as capable of doing the ordinary journalistic work of an office as a man, yet the woman journalist in New York at present is

reserved more or less for a special kind of work—the pathetic. She is sent, perhaps, to interview a murderer's wife or some other unhappy person, and she extracts all the pathos out of the story. That is why the woman journalist is generally known as the 'sob-sister' over here."

Here are some typical questions on the technical side set in an examination paper at the School of Journalism. As can be seen, some of the problems propounded would puzzle those uninitiated in the art of securing copy.

Reporter's Catechism

"If you find yourself with six or seven other reporters, having trailed a big politician or youthful pair of elopers into the *Hotel Astor* or the *Plaza*, and the desk refuses to help you, how do you protect yourselves against losing the story entirely? If chosen director of the newspapermen on hand, what would be your plan of campaign?"

"If you rush into a hotel with a good story which will mean at least a quarter of an hour's steady telephoning, and find that you have lost your money and that delay will mean missing the edition, what do you do?"

" If you are in a hearing or trial room, with sensational evidence suddenly presented, within fifteen minutes of going to press for an evening paper, and you know it is a hundred to one that if you give up your place you will not be able to get it again, what do you do ?

Bowery Slang

" Translate this into non-criminal English :
" The yegg's moll had a pint of the soup when pinched, not to mention a monicker dope-sheet of every bull that grafts the Bowery."

" What is a yegg ? "

" Where lies the story of the average suicide ? After getting the bare facts from hotel clerk or policeman, what is the next inquiry ? "

" What is the first thing a reporter should do when covering a death watch, or a fire ruins assignment where bodies may be found for several days ? "

No one can deny that even if, as Mr. Pulitzer admitted, " no college can give imagination, initiative, a sense of humour or irony," a training like that provided at Columbia University must tend to make its students "think instantly, think intensely, and seize opportunities when others let them go by—the secret of successful journalism."

WHERE THE CHINESE STARE IS FRIGID

CHINATOWN has a sinister reputation in New York. For twenty years it has been the home of the most celebrated criminals in the country. Nervous ladies turn pale at the very name. Strange stories are told of dark and desperate deeds done there, of heavy iron doors that shut for ever on the unwary, and of trap-doors through which "innocents abroad" descend never again to see the light of day. I asked several people—men and women—in New York whether it was safe for a woman to venture to Chinatown alone, and the answer was a decided negative. It was disappointing, as I agree with Kipling that "he travels the fastest who travels alone."

Round the Town

There was nothing for it, however, but to book a seat in one of the series of conducted touring cars

which, starting from the Flat Iron Building at 8 p.m., make a speciality of "seeing New York after dark." The inducements offered in the printed particulars were exciting enough in all conscience. "Passengers," so it ran, "are taken whirling through the streets, wonder after wonder piled upon their bewildered gaze, while expert guides and lecturers elucidate each point under observation."

When I booked my seat at mid-day the official "guessed" there would be at least a dozen besides myself going on this adventurous journey. When I arrived at a quarter to eight, however, and asked the official (another one this time) how many were going, he said, "One," and when I looked at the name, behold the "one" was myself.

However, it was all right. The firm worked in conjunction with another company, and I was transferred to a car occupied by half a dozen others, with the reassuring words from the driver that they were "going to pick up a nice little lot" at the *Martha Washington*. As the *Martha Washington* Hotel for Women is a byword throughout the length and breadth of New York for unimpeachable respectability I took heart again.

The chief "points of interest" in the "respect-

able " part of New York were the residences of millionaires. We dutifully looked with " bewildered gaze " (as directed in the printed particulars) at the residences of Mr. John Jacob Astor, Mr. George Vanderbilt, Mr. O. H. P. Belmont, and other moneyed magnates. Even the former residences and sites of former residences of millionaires were pointed out as if they were hallowed ground. An awed hush fell over the company at the recital of how many million dollars had gone to the building of this office or that hotel. Financially, it was all very wonderful indeed.

Italy to—

The first indication that the moneyed region had been left behind was the arrival at the Italian quarter. Dark-browed Italian men stood at street corners, and picturesque, olive-skinned women sat in the doorways. Dirty little children played about in the street. Clothes were hung out to dry at every window. This is one of the peculiarities of " Little Italy."

—China

Then came Chinatown. From Italy to China in the space of a few minutes was a curious experi-

ence. Not a woman to be seen (the Chinese do not allow their womankind to appear in the streets), and not a single English face anywhere—nothing but white, impassive, high-cheeked-boned countenances staring at one from every side, from shops, from doorways, and from dark corners. And the stare was far from a friendly one. The atmosphere was decidedly frigid. Many looked extremely low types of Chinese. No wonder nervous ladies turn pale at the name of Chinatown.

Over every shop were inscribed curious Chinese names. The daily paper of Chinatown is printed in Chinese, and nothing but the Chinese language is heard in the streets. Many of the shop windows were things of beauty. Such lovely artistic wares looked out of harmony with their environment.

In the Joss House

After the guide had pointed out the exact spot where various murders had been committed (these are the show spots of Chinatown), we repaired to the Chinese Joss house or house of worship—a dark, mysterious room, reached by narrow, winding stairs, with only one window of coloured glass. The room was heavy with incense. The ceiling

was of ebony, wonderfully carved ; and there were many beautiful shrines and tapestries in the room.

The High Priest, a subtle-looking little old man, with a brooding expression, after a restrained " Good evening, ladies and genelmans," retired behind a counter of curios, and gazed impassively in front of him.

I took the opportunity while the guide (a very intelligent and entertaining one, by the way) was giving a " complete lecture of the Chinese religion," to have a chat with the high priest. He pointed out the three cups of the best China tea, placed in front of the shrine to Confucius, and told me they were changed every night at eleven o'clock precisely ; also he showed me a gorgeous canopy near the window underneath which the Chinese young men and maidens stand when they are getting married.

A beautiful piece of tapestry hanging on the wall attracted my attention. " That sent by Chinaman," explained the High Priest. " Chinaman go Austria, but he have no luck. Then he come to New York, he have big luck, and when he go back to China he send this, thanks to the god."

" Luck " was a great word with this old Chinese high priest, who was really quite a fascinating

person in his own way. He thus explained, so far as I could follow his broken English, a number of pink and yellow papers covered with Chinese hieroglyphics, which hung behind him on the wall. "Chinaman he come here, he no luck, feel bad, He pay 25 cents, 50 cents, a dollar, he get one of these blessed by the god, he feel good, happy."

Then the company gathered round the counter of curios, and the high priest proved himself an excellent salesman. "Beautiful, good, blessed by the god, bring you luck," was his comment on each individual trinket.

A Diet in Chinese

"The Chinese Delmonico," "Mon Lay Won Co," a most gorgeous place for a slum, with tables of ebony inlaid with mother-of-pearl, was our next place of call. Here we were regaled with what was described on the menu as "rich and pungent chop suey," a curious-looking mixture of chopped veal (and almost everything else under the sun, judging by its appearance). Its taste was not unpleasing. Many New Yorkers have forsworn their own diet in favour of Chinese food. With it were served sweet biscuits and weak China tea

in handleless cups. Preserved ginger and small Chinese oranges were likewise placed upon the table, and a small cup was presented to each guest on leaving. A visit to the kitchen, at the invitation of the proprietor, proved that the cooking was scrupulously clean.

We looked into a slum mission hall before resuming our seats in the char-à-banc.¹ It was pitiable. Men and women huddled up on seats, with their heads sunk hopelessly on their chests, were droning a hymn in listless, mechanical fashion, to the strains of the harmonium. I have never in London seen anything quite to equal this for melancholy dejection.

Going back we passed through the Bowery, now quite a respectable place, though the placard in a window, "Black Eyes Cured," suggested the remnants of rowdyism, and the Ghetto, a terrible scene of overcrowded squalor. Street booths, with flaring naphtha lamps, were doing brisk business, though the hour was late. Jewish names and Jewish features were everywhere.

A visit to "Little Hungary," "the home of Bohemia," finished the tour. There was nothing very startling about the "home of Bohemia." A

Char-à-banc a long & high vehicle furnished with transverse seats and generally open at sides or inclosed with curtains

lot of dull-looking people sat listening to the strains of an excellent band—that was all. A large picture of Mr. Roosevelt hung on the wall in a conspicuous position. “Little Hungary” is very proud of the fact that the ex-President once accepted an invitation of his constituents in that neighbourhood to dine there.

SCHOOLGIRLS' ELYSIUM

THE excellent educational opportunities offered in New York even to the very poorest is a matter of common knowledge. Yet not so long ago its methods were severely criticized by a body of educational experts who declared that the bulk of the teaching given in New York schools had no relation to real life, and failed to fit boys and girls for satisfactory citizenship. How far this charge is true I do not know, but certainly it is one that cannot possibly be brought against the "Washington Irving High School for Girls" which, it is said, embodies the type of education which is likely in a dozen years' time to dominate the schools of America.

There are a hundred-and-one things in New York which "take one's breath away," but the Washington Irving High School does so literally and metaphorically. It is a veritable nightmare

of the Never-ending. Corridor after corridor of this huge eight-storied building I traversed, and room after room with glass-apertured door I looked into, and yet there was more to come and yet more to come. Now and again, as my feet faltered beneath me, I regretted ever having embarked on this educational pilgrimage through the largest public school in the world, built (the price must positively be mentioned when referring to anything in New York) at a cost of a million and a half dollars.

The Last Word

Six thousand girls foregather daily in this mammoth building, which was completed only a few months ago, and which represents the final word in American education. There were chattering, happy-looking girls everywhere. The large lifts were loaded with them, the corridors were crowded with them—healthy, laughing, lively, noisy girls, with never a pallid, silent, scholastic one amongst them. Every now and again a class-room door would open, and a swarm of them with white “waists” and black bows in their hair would flow out into the corridor. In the two spacious restaurants the clatter of tongues was deafening. There

was an atmosphere of jocund hilarity everywhere. The gaiety was contagious.

Multifarious Activities

No wonder the girls look happy. They have just completed a great triumph. This marvellous building, with its 160 splendidly equipped rooms, its zoological garden, its conservatory, its fine roof garden, its spacious magnificently equipped theatre with real stage, curtain, and scenery, its hospital, its housekeeping section, its bank, its shop, its employment bureau, and what not—is due almost entirely to their own enterprise and efforts. Yet many of these girls are drawn from the poor tenement buildings on the East Side. Though the Washington Irving is a High School, it is also a free school.

School-Girl Capacity

The building in which the girls were previously housed was a very inadequate one, noisy, low-roofed, badly-lit, and in 1903 they began, “quite off their own bat,” a campaign for a new building. They banded themselves into associations and committees to rouse up public opinion, visited newspaper offices, and won over editors, invited

delegates from women's clubs to visit the school, gave a reception to the Mayor and his wife, and bombarded the Board of Education, until New York was at last aroused to its duty in the matter. Now they are supremely happy.

Teachers in Their Places

The Washington Irving is perhaps the most progressive school in America. Long before Madame Montessori was heard of it had more or less adopted the principle of "teachers should be seen and not heard." The pupils often take it in turn to conduct and control classes. When distinguished people visit the school—such as, for instance, Pierre Loti or Signora Ferrero—it is the girls who plan out the mode of reception, and discourse with distinguished foreigners in French, Italian, or whatever the language may be. When new pupils enter the school—and sometimes over 1,400 enter at once—it is the girls who form themselves into committees to make the initiation a pleasant one. An orchestra, composed of the pupils, plays welcoming music, and girl students make short speeches, telling the novices all about the work of the school and offering suggestions. A dance, where

the girls waltz with each other, and some dance Highland flings, Irish reels, or other solos, concludes the initiation. No one can call the Washington Irving girls cut-and-dried or conventional.

As to the subjects taught at the Washington Irving School, if I were to give a full recital thereof the sun would go down upon the tale. Health, happiness, grace, and good sense are primarily aimed at; also a knowledge of social questions and a sympathy with all movements which have for their object the betterment of humanity, such as white slavery, the child labour traffic, and the exploitation of men and women workers by capitalists. A large contingent from the Washington Irving School is generally found in suffrage parades. The note struck is one of intellectualized domesticity. A glorified home woman is the result aimed at—one who while able to “turn her hand to anything,” yet never loses grace and femininity and charm. This is the impression one gets on entering the large hall with its Tudor fireplace, with girls, as restful as it is possible for New York girls to be, sitting sewing and knitting and reading and chatting. The Washington Irving girls are encouraged to use their tongues at all times and seasons. Whatever is in

them is encouraged to come out. There is no repression.

The Home Science

I saw wonderful class-rooms fitted up with myriads of miniature laundries; others equipped with all the latest conveniences for cooking. There were chemical and physical laboratories, and rooms in which real live babies were washed and dressed and nursed. There was a model house of five rooms. They were unfurnished, and I was told that the girls go through the whole process of "moving in," choosing furniture (from a stock kept by the school), arranging it harmoniously, and hanging pictures. Moreover, for a certain time they cook lunches and dinners, and keep this model house clean and tidy. Near by there is a hospital where the girls learn nursing, practising on fellow-pupils who have been taken ill—a daily occurrence in a school of this magnitude. He who finds a "Washington Irving" wife assuredly finds "a good thing" from a practical point of view. It is not surprising that the bulk of them marry.

Earning a Living

But for those who do not contemplate matrimony

every facility for earning a living is provided. More than a thousand girls are preparing for college here. Bookbinding, librarians' work—which is taught in the big, finely equipped library downstairs—costume designing, fashion drawing, millinery, dressmaking, shorthand, typewriting, domestic science, and a hundred and one other arts are thoroughly taught, and the Employment Bureau connected with the school helps pupils to get positions—preference being given to those who show the best school record in the matter of manners, personal neatness, good conduct, and initiative.

All over New York great attention is paid to externals, and the schools do not lag behind in this respect. Go into poor localities and you will find children with their hair adorned with charming ribbons which harmonize admirably with the black, brown, or golden hair. Ask the reason of this and you will find that the schools take a keen personal interest in the clothes of even the poorest children, and do all in their power to develop a sense of colour and beauty.

Needless to say, the Washington Irving School lays emphasis on the value of neatly-dressed hair, attractive and simple frocks and well-tended hands,

all of which are regarded as valuable assets to success in life.

Each girl is taught to make her own clothes, and I saw class-room after class-room full of girls sitting at sewing machines. It is generally understood that graduation gowns must cost little more than a dollar. This is to equalize matters among the students, some of whom can afford to dress finely, but the majority of whom cannot.

It is, perhaps, characteristic of a school like this where the teachers are as much parents as educationists that I should find the principal, Mr. W. A. Macandrew, extremely accessible. He was sitting in a big public office, where dozens of people were coming in and out, dictating letters to a stenographer. "We have not got through with our 'moving in' yet," he said, "so you have not seen the school as it will be when we are quite settled down." But I had seen as much as my brain could stand at one and the same time, and I told him so.

ON THE WAY BACK

WHEN, at ten o'clock on a certain Saturday morning, I boarded the ocean liner which was to take me back to England, I did so with regret. My stay had been too brief to permit me to get tired of the tonic properties of the amazing city. Yet withal, deep down in my heart was a dim prophetic feeling that a little of New York might possibly go a long way. Tonics taken to excess are apt to lose their exhilarating properties.

The crowd that packed the pier was as different as possible from the English crowds that "send off" outward-bound boats at Southampton. There was no weeping among the Americans, nor any signs of sadness. It was to the huzzas of happy voices that the big boat sailed slowly out to sea. Flags were waved and flowers were flung after the ship amid much jocularly and laughter. When

the New York woman meets friends returning from a voyage, she brings a posy in greeting, and when she sees a friend off, she rarely forgets a floral tribute. It is a pretty fancy if a somewhat peculiar one.

I remarked to some one near me on the happiness of the New York send-off crowd as compared with the English. "Of course," was the reply, "most of these people on the pier are only seeing their friends off for a holiday, and they expect them back in a short time, whereas those at Southampton are probably bidding good-bye to their friends for years, perhaps for ever." There was something in the idea, but when later on we sighted the shores of England, I knew the explanation was not the whole truth. Difference of temperament had a good deal to do with it. Among the company were many (I knew it, for they had told me) who had not seen their native land for years. Where was the wild, almost hysterical joy of the Americans, as I had seen them a short time since, on sighting the statue of Liberty after an absence of a few weeks or a few months at the most? It was non-existent among the English. They gazed stolidly, almost sadly at Albion's shores. Whatever they

may have felt inwardly there was no outer manifestation of joy or gladness. Enthusiasm—that is where the two countries differ enormously. Mystics proscribe enthusiasm as being inimical to right thinking and a sense of proportion, but, on the other hand—“nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm.” A great American has said it. Enthusiasm is essentially the quality of a youthful nation. Calmness and a re-valuation of values comes with age.

At present—it is a truism to say it—the American value is placed on material things. Nothing strikes one more forcibly on a Transatlantic liner (in the second-class at any rate) than the number of people who seem to have more money than manners, whose intellectual resources are exceedingly scanty, and whose outlook is an entirely material one. In the mad effort to get something, they forget that it is more important to be something. And while their material possessions accumulate, leanness enters into their souls.

I pondered over New York as it appeared to me now that I was out of reach of its “personal magnetism.” Among its assets as I personally had found them (for towns, even as individuals,

manifest themselves differently to different people) were frankness, energy, enterprise, enthusiasm, simplicity, truthfulness and friendliness; and among its debits, materialism, money-worship, unspirituality, and a certain absence of grace and beauty in ordinary life.

The energy of New York was still strong in me when I alighted at Waterloo. But swiftly as a shadow, it evaporated as the taxi ticked its tuppences. The metamorphosis was incredibly rapid. Like a pall the old "groovy" feeling enwrapped me. In New York I had felt "anything may happen at any moment." Now I felt "nothing can happen at no moment" (it was not grammar, but it was an emphasized negative). In New York I had a feeling of perpetual motion. Here I had a feeling of perpetual peace.

The air and the architecture were the two chief contributory causes. Skyscrapers fill one with a feeling of restless ambition, with the desire to achieve things. Flat houses are conducive to a kind of cowardly contentment, a fearfulness of venturing on untrodden paths.

But London is lovable. She has a romantic charm, a subtlety, an elusiveness, and a

variety which New York has not. Why then this backward-looking to the land I had left? Then in a flash came back to me the weighty words of the wise waiter at Coney Island—the waiter who had wandered all over the world to test their truth and had returned to his native city to bear witness to their unimpeachable veracity. “There’s only one New York,” he had declared defiantly when confronted with the glories of London, Paris, Berlin, and Vienna. And as my luggage with its New York labels was being deposited in the hall, I found myself echoing half sadly, half gladly, “There’s only one New York.”

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